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THE AUTHOR IN A SPANISH FORTRESS

FIGHTING THE FRENCH IN MOROCCO

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CHAPTER I

INTO AN UNKNOWN LAND

ON the 6th February, 1903, I stepped on the deck of the freight steamer "*Otto Woermann*" which was to take me, a young merchant of nineteen, to my destination on the West Coast of Morocco. There was just time for another farewell to my relatives who were standing on the Quay, before the ship began moving off.

Up till then I had borne myself bravely, in order to soften the parting for my mother and my brothers and sisters—but now that they had disappeared from view, a melancholy feeling stole over me. I went to my cabin to be alone with my thoughts. All at once I felt quite alone. I had just said goodbye for years—perhaps for ever—to all that life had hitherto meant for me, and had left my youth behind me.

With an effort I shook off these gloomy thoughts and went on deck. The winter air struck cold on my throbbing temples—how refreshing and invigorating it was. "You are going into the wide world towards an interesting future," I told myself exultantly, adding: "I *will* reach my goal in the old Hanseatic way."

The Captain beckoned me to the bridge, and a moment later I was standing by the side of

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the hardy weather beaten man ; I looked back at the old Hansa town, my beloved Hamburg, back over the docks and wharves, over the towering masts of the sailers and steamers of all nations, and with pride and sorrow bade my home town a silent adieu.

And now we are outward bound : wider and wider grows the river, higher and higher rise the waves ; the broad sea swallows us up—a symbol of human life with its high-running waves, with its hopes and endeavours, its remote aims and its drift into the sea of infinity.

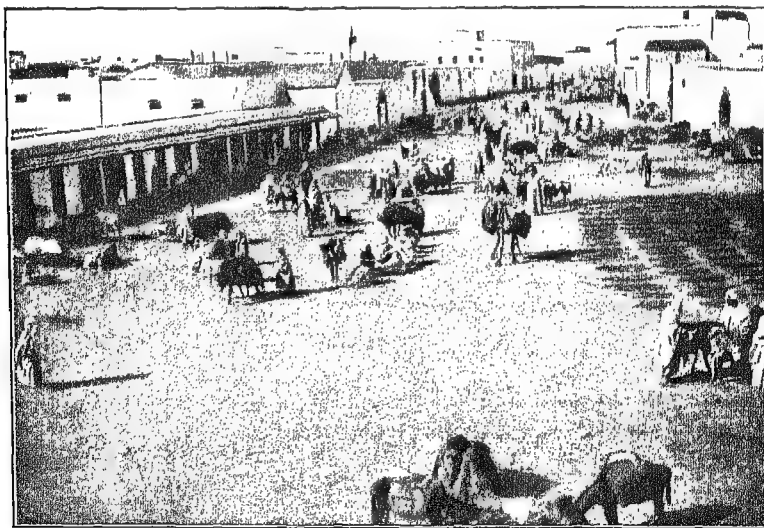
After a fortnight's voyage the ship reached the roads of Mazagan. After being tossed violently by stormy seas in the Bay of Biscay, the ship deserved this short rest. The red, white and black flag was proudly fluttering in the breeze and sending a greeting to the African Continent, whence the red flag of Morocco was visible on the government buildings.

Ghostlike and wan in the morning sun shimmered the low stone houses of the town, with their massive square walls and their flat roofs, with slender minarets rising above them here and there.

Quivering with excitement I stared at the scene of my future activity. The squat architecture, the bare windowless walls of the houses, the uniformity of their shape at first made a depressing effect upon me. The Arab town swam into my ken like a great cloister shut off from the outside world, or like a singular cemetery. But that this place was not dedicated to



NATIVE HUTS



CHIEF STREET IN MAZAGAN

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the dead and that vigorous life was pulsing through it and round it were evident alike from the stir and bustle on the jetty, where a wildly-gesticulating crowd was greeting the German ship, and from the traffic in the roadstead itself, over which numerous boats and large lighters, each of them rowed by a dozen Arabs, were gliding. An English and a French steamer also lay at anchor ; Mazagan being an important trading port for western Morocco, whence the caravans from the south and from the interior of the country, particularly from the Capital of the country, converge.

Outside the great wall, which was erected by the Portuguese in the Middle Ages, pretty country houses, set in spacious gardens, smiled across at us : they were the seats of the representatives of the European nations and the trading magnates.

In Mazagan I acquired business experience during many years of service with the German trading firm of Brandt & Toel.

It was hard work and lasted from dawn to dusk, when we were engaged in loading the steamer with the produce of the country. But when the day's toil was over, and the monotonous voice of the Muezzin from the minaret was calling the faithful to evening prayer and the sun was sinking on the distant horizon, its last rays glittering like molten gold on the waves of the luminous sea, then the dun buildings and the shore landscape would be aglow in indescribably fine colour play, from the most delicate violet to the deepest purple. Such even-

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ings are redolent with all the peace and beauty of nature.

Calm has descended upon the Arab town. The caravans have found shelter within the walls. After days of hot travelling, their drivers are lying wrapped in their mantles beside their beasts on the streets and squares of the town. They are talking of their journey and their home and are always ready to listen to the legends of the story-teller.

Figures shrouded to the face flit almost noiselessly through the streets, where skins of goats and sheep are spread out before they are sent to be dried, or vanish beneath the gothic arches of the old Portuguese vaults.

At that period we European merchants worked together in business in a friendly fashion, and in social life the harmony was even more pronounced.

In all sports and social functions youth especially came into its own. This intercourse was not confined to Mazagan ; it extended to the other coast towns, particularly Casablanca, where large German and English trading firms had been doing considerable business for many years.

That Europeans should stick together was an imperative necessity in this foreign land, in view of the fanaticism of its inhabitants. At that time no infidel might venture outside the coastal districts, except under the protection of an influential native. I can still remember how the English Consul at Mazagan, by virtue

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of his position a well-known and highly-esteemed man, once wanted to attend as a spectator the festival in honour of the town's patron saint, "Sidi Musa Ben Amar," which was being held in front of the doors of the town.

From the immediate neighbourhood the inhabitants of the "Uled Forsh," savage fellows who had not yet submitted to the Sultanate, had come in crowds. Mounted on their noble Arab steeds, clad in their picturesque white burnouses, swinging their long rifles over their heads, they rode into the "fantasia" with loud shouts of "Allah" amid the applause of the crowd. They at once caught sight of the Christian, and hurled themselves on him with savage yells. He owed it to his full-blooded Arab horse that he was able to reach the protection of the town.

On one occasion an excursion to the attractive town of Azemour, situated not far from the mouth of the river Um er Rebia, nearly brought disaster upon some of us Europeans. We had just erected our tent in the famous Orange grove, when a volley of stones, hurled by the population of this old pirates' nest, put us to instant flight.

I mention these small episodes in order to illustrate the hostility then displayed by the followers of Islam towards Christians. This hatred which is based on difference of faith is difficult to eradicate. Like the Turk, the Arab possesses a masterful nature. As the war with Spain showed, his personal courage becomes

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savage fanaticism when the defence of his home and his faith is involved.

If during the World War it was nevertheless possible for me as a Christian, thrown on my own resources, not only to live for years in the interior of the country, and to lead the tribes in a serious campaign against France, but also to find among the natives friends who proved faithful unto death, the reason for this resided solely in my personal attitude towards these men, who were at once proud and dominated by the passion for freedom.

From the first day of my arrival in Morocco I seized every opportunity to become acquainted with the customs of this strange people.

Above all, I endeavoured, and in this I was assisted by my complete mastery of the Arabian language, to read into the soul of the people. In this way many things, which at first shocked or astonished me as a European, seemed to me to be explicable and determined by climate, race and especially by religion.

Moreover, I recognized that the high moral qualities of this barbarous people often compared favourably with the superficial qualities of a satiated civilization.

My position provided me with ample opportunity to become acquainted with the Arab people in their homes and their inmost being, as my extensive trading connections frequently took me away from the coast into the interior of the country, to its capital, Marrakesh, and to Morocco's mightiest mountains, the Great Atlas.

Marrakesh. August 1903, on our excursion

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to the first residence of the Sultan, distant about 120 miles from Mazagan, found us following the old caravan road, which on leaving the coast at first winds through a narrow strip of country, stony and scarcely suited to agriculture. It seems as if haughty Atlas, the ruler of the country, had by thrusting out a long tongue of rock, cried halt to the eternal surge of the ocean, which bears its name, as if telling it: "This land belongs to me! Remain in your own realm, ye waves."

And if the wide ocean, in its impotent rage, had nevertheless flung its sand on the shore at isolated points on the coast, the familiar hurricane of the Atlas ensured that these interlopers should find no permanent foothold, but remain in everlasting movement.

This is a wild stretch of land; only a few dwarf palms are to be seen.

Soon the character of the country alters; a wide and extremely fertile plain, the black earth belt, swallows us up. It happens to be the time of the autumn harvest.

We saw the natives engaged in leading their horses to tread out grain as well as maize and beans upon the harvested fields, or transporting the harvest upon camels and mules to the different farmsteads. 37 miles south-east of Mazagan we reached the great market place "El Ssibt" (Saturday evening market). Here the Sultan's soldiers, the "Mhallen" were camping, in order to collect the "Rhamna" taxes from the natives.

There was much feasting and laughing;

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mutton was being consumed, but there was scarcely any sign of the taxes.

On the broad caravan route we met long caravans of camels, on our further journey. The animals made no sound as they picked their way. They often come from a great distance and are accompanied by armed Arabs for protection against predatory attacks. The backs of the animals are piled with burdens which weigh as much as a quarter of a ton—sacks and cases containing the produce of the country, such as almonds, gum, wool, wax and skins as well as eggs, which find their way to Europe.

In exchange for such produce Europe sends what this industrially poor country cannot itself give its inhabitants : chiefly, cloth, iron, hardware, paper, cotton goods and sugar.

The fertile agricultural belt ends ; we are now crossing a tract of country which leads to the foot of the Atlas mountains and as we mount higher the landscape assumes a cool steppe-like character, lasting almost to the gates of the Capital.

From time to time the straw huts or the mud huts of the natives, shaped like beehives, break the monotony of the landscape. There are a few fig trees at the native settlements, but otherwise only scattered brushwood relieves the bleakness of the plain.

But when the winter or early spring rains give the dry soil the moisture for which it pines, it quickly becomes covered with thousands of brightly-coloured flowers.

INTO AN UNKNOWN LAND

Near Marrakesh is a mountain of bare rock which we have to scale.

We climb the "Gihlis" mountain, which is situated quite close to the town, and look down at the Sultan's residence, called, "El Hamra," or the brown. Far and wide stretches an immense sea of houses which is the town. Its area corresponds to its former prosperity in the time of Almansor, the great Caliph of the Abbasiden dynasty, whose empire in the middle of the eighth century stretched from Bagdad to the Pillars of Hercules, whence it penetrated into the Spanish peninsular.

Its inhabitants were then estimated to number more than 300,000 ; in the years 1904-10, when I had occasion to visit the town several times, the population had declined to about 150,000 souls.

High above the brown roofs of the low houses rises the tower-like minaret of the splendid twelfth century mosque, "Kutubija," and also the massive pile of the Sultan's palace.

Winding through the northern part of the town like a narrow silver ribbon is the river "Tensift," whose clear waters come from the Atlas mountains and irrigate by means of numerous canals the extensive garden grounds which encircle the town like a green chaplet. The culture of oranges, peaches and figs alternate with palm groves. The fertile plain also produces a noble wine.

Far away to the south glitter the massive heights of the Atlas, which pours its clear waters of melted snow into a number of great

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rivers, which bring blessings and prosperity to the dwellers on their banks in their long course to the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean Sea.

We rode through one of the many old gates which stud the thick town walls and are closed at sundown, into the interior of the Arab town proper. The walls of the houses reveal only occasional latticed windows ; but how surprised and dazzled is the visitor who enters one of those palaces, so unpretentious in their outward appearance, which have been built by the grandees of the country.

A colonnade decorated with the most splendid mosaics and frescoes and furnished with finely-chased chalices surrounds the rectangular court, from the interior of which gleam costly carpets in rich colours.

In the middle of the room a fountain decorated with blooming plants ensures a refreshing coolness ; Marrakesh still possesses a centuries old water supply, which is in use to this day.

The hours I was privileged to pass in the house of the Berber prince, Hadi Thami Glaui, are unforgettable. His reception room resembled the vault of a firmament consisting of hundreds of little cupolas.

The interiors of the houses serve more for family life and intercourse with friendly tribal comrades. An almost solemn stillness shuts off this world ; but outside on the broad streets and open squares life pulsates all the more vigorously. Here sit the handworkers in the open shops, here the dealers proffer their wares,

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hither flock the inhabitants of the wild highlands to buy and sell ; and a few Jews mingle with the natives. At that time there were living in Marrakesh more than 16,000 Jews, who are confined to a special quarter of the town, the Ghetto (called "Mellach" in Moroccan).

The latter must observe extreme caution towards the fanatical Arabs, in return for which the Jews are able to traverse even the loneliest districts of the country without constraint and danger. The Jew is more pliable and less self-conscious towards the ruling race of Berbers and Arabs. No Jew might ride or walk in slippers through the town at that period.

When the shades of evening fall this genuine Islamite city begins to spread out its whole enchantment. The muffled mournful sound of the Gimbri, a small two-stringed guitar, would often steal to our ears from the flat roofs ; on the open squares are the oriental cafés, crowded with gesticulating and mentally alert people. In contrast to the somewhat phlegmatic Turk, the Arab is lively and keenly interested in all that is happening in the world.

In the small apartments situated on the other side of the street, whose thresholds are laid with coloured mats, jugglers and dancers often appear.

The lot of such a dancer is no enviable one. Often stolen as a child from a distant tribe, the girl is usually reared in circumstances of harshness and cruelty until she can assist her owner to earn bread. Far into the night amid deafening noise, she must exhibit the evolutions of

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the belly dance and the charm of her young body. I can still remember little "Shettaha" ; how she danced before me one sweltering night, her finger nails painted with henna, with her prodigious earrings, in her short silk dress, trimmed with silver buckles, and how she inflamed my young heart.

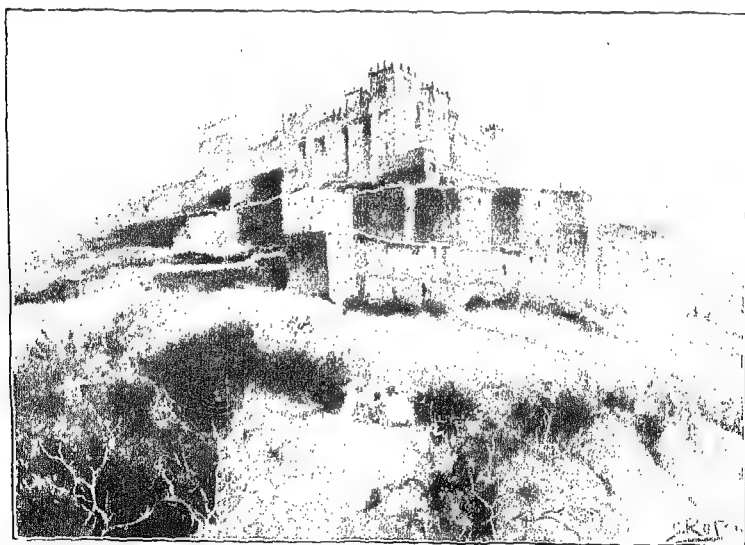
She had wound a piece of coloured silk around her handsome head ; her black tresses were lengthened by coloured woollen threads ; golden clasps gleamed on her delicate limbs. Her little feet were in constant movement. Ever wilder grew the dance under the cries of her master, until with a quick scream she fell to the ground amid the applause of the spectators. The poor creature fell a victim to premature consumption, brought on by opium smoking or constant indulgence in spirits distilled from wax and cactus figs.

The life of the easily excited Arab people does not run smoothly, especially in their Capital : religious fanaticism and political factors often enkindle a conflagration.

Once when with a Jewish trader I was about to cross the market of Iem Elfna, situated in the interior of the town, we suddenly heard peculiar music and shortly afterwards saw a yelling, excited crowd about 100 yards in front of us. Still gazing I was about to ask the Jew what this uproar portended, when he suddenly went deathly pale and dashed away. And he was well advised to flee, for it was the Moham-medan religious sect of "Aissauer" which had excited the feelings of the people by its passage



THE RIFF COUNTRY



CASTLE OF KAID EL GLAUI

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through the streets—wild figures, with greedy looks and passionate gestures who in their frenzy, would tear live sheep into pieces and devour the raw bloody flesh, who would dance for hours in the scorching heat of the African sun, and withal would gash heads with knives and stones. Woe betide the Christian who happened to be in their way during this ceremony. I therefore followed the Jew and sought salvation in flight.

On the 20th January, 1904, I witnessed a revolution in this town. The natives would not recognize a new currency that had been issued. The blame for the issue of the new medium of payment was cast on the Jews. The howling mob plundered the shops and assaulted the Jews. It was only owing to the intervention of the influential Kaid Ben David that the Jewish quarter did not then go up in flames.

In April, 1904 I left Marrakesh with Dr. Albrecht Wirth of Munich, accompanied by two servants, for a trip into the Atlas mountains, whither few Europeans had hitherto penetrated.

It was well for us that on this trip through unknown country, inhabited by wild mountain tribes, we carried letters of safe-conduct from the Vice Sultan Mulai Hafid to the powerful princes Kaid el Glaui and Gundaffi. Their fortresses built on hills with their rock turrets dominate the country for miles around.

Passing by the Sultan's palace, set in the midst of extensive gardens on the southern border of Marrakesh, we came first to Tamslo, the pro-

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perty of a noted saint Mulai Brahmin, where we stayed a few days. Gratefully I recall this sojourn, during which I rode around for hours in the immense olive groves and might pluck the fine figs, grapes and apples in the extensive gardens.

Our further progress led through the high palm-studded plain towards a mountain wall sparkling white with snow : the mountains which separate the Sahara desert from the main territory of Morocco. In the foothills dotted with crevasses, cedar and oak forests the Berber natives dwell in almost complete independence under the leadership of their own chosen princes and Kaids, who appoint the sheiks as leaders of the different tribes.

The Kaids, who are old men of wise and venerable appearance, enjoy as judges the confidence of their tribe. They perform all the important literary tasks and issue deeds relating to buying and selling, marriage treaties, etc., which are sometimes artistically executed documents.

Late one evening we reached the fortress of Kaid Aumar Skutani, with whom I was personally acquainted. There we found quarters for guests, never suspecting that we should never see the proud fortress again.

At seven o'clock in the evening we unsaddled and put up for the night in a village. Early in the morning a wood fire was lighted in the little Arab stove, and in less than ten minutes we were able to sip the delicious Arabian tea spiced with peppermint leaves. Those who do not know the prolonged "sipping" of tea usual among

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Arabs after a meal are strangers to the real enjoyments of the world.

We got away quickly and reached the village of Gurugu at the foot of the Atlas mountains before six o'clock. How glorious it was in the forest ! Birds were cooing and singing in the trees over our heads ; we were warmed by the early morning sun ; it was good to be alive !

Soon we were in the heart of magnificent mountain scenery. Massive walls of rock full of savage gorges rise to a height of nearly 5,000 feet, and waterfalls plunge sheer into the valley below. Ascending ever higher we crossed the tracks of wild long-haired sheep and discovered among them also those of a leopard, which I vainly tried to stalk with my mauser rifle.

The wilderness became more and more impassable ; the way led upwards ; along the narrowest mule-track by sheer rock walls : the small hooves of our mules climbing one behind another could scarcely find foothold on the edge of the dizzy abyss. Dr. Wirth had dismounted in front of me and let his animal run ahead. Suddenly he halted. Perched on the crag of a cone-shaped mountain which rose steeply out of the valley about 60 yards away was an enormous eagle basking in the sun. Seized by a sudden passion for the chase, my companion aimed his rifle. Just in time I bent over and clapped Dr. Wirth on the back. He turned round—and the startled king of the air rose with heavy flapping wings. We followed him as he wheeled his lonely flight over mountain and valley. It was as well that he did so, as otherwise I should

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certainly have plunged into the yawning abyss with my frightened mules.

In the evening we were hospitably received in the fortress of the Berber prince, Sundaffi, the view from which ranges over dark forests of almond trees, which stretch along the valley on both sides of the roaring mountain stream.

The next morning we met in the pass a caravan bound for Timbuctoo, whose leader invited me to accompany him on the journey. Much as I was attracted by the offer to descend the steep slopes of the Atlas, leading directly to the desert, and visit the ancient trading centre, I was unfortunately constrained by important reasons to return to Marrakesh.

On the way home we ran into a snow storm and erected our tent at a height of 6,500 feet. Our night's rest was disturbed by anti-Christian Berbers who pelted our tent with stones and slashed it from outside. We sprang up and rushed out, but in the darkness and the raging blizzard nothing could be seen. It was, however, a disagreeable experience, and at 2 o'clock at night we resumed our journey.

After travelling several days we again reached the plateau of Marrakesh and saw to our horror the fortress of Kaid Aumar Skutani in flames. We learned in the evening that the proud rock fortress had been destroyed by orders of the Vice-Sultan Mulai Hafid. The owner had withstood a siege for two days; shortly before the fortress fell, however, he succeeded in escaping the vengeance of the Sultan. Years afterwards he was again taken into favour.

INTO AN UNKNOWN LAND

Thus, just as these princes from their rocky fortresses often enough bid defiance to the Sultan, so almost all over the country struggles were proceeding to achieve independence of the governmental power. This impulse of freedom finds its explanation in the peculiar class-divisions of the people and in the physical characteristics of the country. As with all nature peoples, individual men in Morocco, by virtue of personal capacity raise themselves from the mass of the people, and become leaders of tribes, which render absolute obedience to their sheiks and kaids. The territories of the various tribes are generally separated by rivers, mountains and forests. Friendship or enmity among the various chiefs decisively influence the attitude of the tribes, which seldom co-operate for common action unless special political conditions affecting them all constrain them to do so. This national disunity, springing from the pursuit of special interests, is primarily responsible for the fact that the people were not able until recently to shake off the yoke of the foreign conqueror.

With what pride of rulership the kaids and sheiks are filled, to what an extent they feel themselves to be masters in their narrow circle, may be judged from the following incident :

In the year 1906, I undertook to reconcile a kaid with the sheik Hamed el Forchi, who was feared even in the towns of Mazagan and Azemur on account of his harsh and ruthless behaviour. When I met him after a nine hours ride from Mazagan, he emerged from his tent and exclaimed imperiously : "What do you

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want here ? Is it not overbold of you to venture into my country ? ”

I replied to him : “ I do not want to invade your country. I have only come to you, whose ability and generosity are well known.”

Then I explained to him the reason why I had come and entreated him to ride with me to the Kaid. He need not fear that the latter would arrest him ; also I offered him my revolver, with which he could shoot me if I had told a falsehood. He regarded me haughtily and answered with a supercilious smile : “ I don't need your revolver ; my carbine is always loaded.”

On our arrival at the Kaid's, the latter received us with the words ; “ Ah, good evening Sheik Hamed, aren't you coming into the lion's den ? ” The Sheik answered : “ You are only one lion ; I have already killed twelve.” The Kaid, who now assumed a more sinister expression, asked if Si Hamed did not regret having shot off one of his fingers two days before. The Sheik answered : “ Thank God : what would you have said if I had blown your head off ! ”

The situation began to look serious. The Kaid's representative in a state of excitement inquired whether he should not arrest the Sheik. Then the latter sprang into a corner of the house, pointed his carbine and cried : “ The first who comes near I will send to Kingdom come ! ”

I rushed between and exclaimed “ It's too bad

INTO AN UNKNOWN LAND

of you, Si Hamed—we have met here for reconciliation : the Kaid offers you friendship, and you hold yourself stern and hostile !” The Kaid now said “I have great respect for you ; will you compel me to use force ? Don’t you see that food has been brought in ; will you not partake of my meal ? Be welcome !” The reconciliation was effected.

We now sat down on the carpet for the meal, which is served very differently from meals at home. First of all a slave brought a brass bowl, a can of hot water and a cloth for washing hands and mouth. Then a plate with coarse maize and small pieces of flesh was placed in our midst. The Kaid as host was the first to dip his fingers into the plate, to test that the food was good and prove that it was not poisoned ; he pounded the maize into a small ball and placed it on his tongue with the words : “In God’s name.”

Then the plate was passed to the guests in turn. A European soon overcomes his repugnance at eating with fingers, when they are as clean as Mohammedans keep them. A leg of mutton strewn with caraways and a rare refreshing water melon followed. Then finger bowls were again tendered and soon everyone was put in a good humour by green tea, flavoured with plenty of sugar and peppermint leaves.

In gratitude for my successful efforts, Sheik Hamed, following the excellent custom peculiar to Mohammedans of delighting others by presents, gave me a noble Arab stallion.

The striking contrasts in the configuration of

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the country with its high mountain ranges, its long river valleys, its plateaux, its steppes and the coastal area necessarily engenders a certain variety in the character and mode of living of the inhabitants.

The fresh air of the mountains, their clear water, no less than the hardness of life, developed the mountain dwellers into strong, brave and self-reliant men, who ardently loved their country and lived their faith. The steeper the heights, the more freely the lungs expanded ; the more impassable the country, the more easy to repel the foreign invader. An unbeliever would have great difficulty in penetrating alone into this free country.

I once asked a Djebäla why foreigners were met with such mistrust, and received the answer : " We know perfectly well that the first European will be followed by thousands of others, and then the country will no longer belong to us."

The highlander wants to have nothing to do with European civilization ; his country does not give him much, but affords him sufficient for his unpretentious mode of living. As the mountains slope down to the plains and river valleys, the more fertile becomes the soil (apart from the steppe districts) and the more it offers its inhabitants. If in the highlands we often find only wretched, mean stone houses and huts, cold and bare, the small villages in the low-lying parts of the country are embedded in green. Roads and villages are hemmed in with thick, red flowering cactus hedges. The tribe is richer

INTO AN UNKNOWN LAND

and more powerful ; property in cattle, goats, sheep and horses increases.

The fellaheen, those dwellers in the fertile plains, live in great prosperity, especially in the coastal districts, where they come into contact with foreign civilization, and whence they look down on the highlanders, the Djebâlas, with a certain sense of superiority. A favourable climate joined to a fertile soil yields a double harvest, but the harvest blessing is frequently destroyed at a blow.

One day, in company with my friend, Mr. Jungvogel, I set out from Mazagan in order to ride to "Tit," the old town of the Phoenicians, gloriously situated by the sea between Mazagan and Saffi. Behind us were the spacious gardens of the town, whence the scent of orange blossom was wafted to us. A light breeze was blowing in our faces from the Atlantic Ocean, which shimmered in the morning sunshine, and our full-blooded steeds could scarcely be reined in, in the exhilarating morning air. It was a particularly fruitful year.

Our ride led through fields of maize as high as a man. What a peculiar spectacle met our eyes ! In front of us on the ground was a streak of gleaming colours in perpetual motion. As we came nearer, we found ourselves in a crowd of crawling young grasshoppers. Our noble horses put their heads for a moment to the ground and then threw their snorting nostrils in the air, in order to get free of this unusual, disagreeable odour. We put the horses

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to the gallop, so as to escape as quickly as possible from this loathsome flood ; but where their fine hooves dived into the thick living mass, the ground was slippery. We could only progress with difficulty.

At last we reached our destination. We dismounted, but—oh ! horrors—these creatures had even invaded the house which we entered. It was impossible to remain there ; grasshoppers were crawling about everywhere ; our clothes, coverings, even the food we had taken with us, were quickly covered with them ; we got into the saddle again and rode to the seashore, and cleansed ourselves of the insects by bathing.

We returned to Mazagan. Of the maize fields there was nothing more to be seen. The town was in a state of great excitement, as the swarm of grasshoppers was already infesting it. The population was alarmed. Deep trenches were hastily dug ; to the sides of the trenches and walls were fastened strips of sheet-metal, up the smooth sides of which the insects were unable to progress, so that they could then be destroyed. They were crushed and burnt or thrown into the sea, where the breakers threw them back on the shore, to poison the air for days.

These young, crawling, quickly-maturing grasshoppers are far more dangerous in their work of destruction than the isolated swarms of grasshoppers, which suddenly obscure the sun like dark clouds and descend on the earth like violent snowstorms. This is not the only plague which threatens the harvest. Frequently the

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longed-for rain holds off for months and a broiling heat settles over the country ; or the hot breath of the desert wind, the simoon, slays the last living thing in the fields.

When the cultivator does not own the land or the seeds, only one fifth of the harvest belongs to him. The taxes due to the kaids and sheiks are high, and in the plains a large part of the yield of the harvest flows to the government. The private property of the ordinary man is mostly insignificant ; a small house with a patch of land or corner of a wood, but large enough to feed the unpretentious owner. Sheep and goats browse on common or government land, the El Naiba. Hardly any poverty is to be found, even in the higher mountainous parts. Only the so-called Shörrfas are poor. They are a kind of monks, who trace their descent for centuries from the Sherifs and once fled to the mountains from the persecution of enemies of Islam. They are regarded as holy ; they wander from tribe to tribe and live on the easy charity of the inhabitants.

In family life and in the manners and customs of the people, is manifested a patriarchal strain, in which the masterful nature of the inhabitants finds expression. The man is absolute master in the household ; his upright carriage, his perpetual equipment with a long rifle or carbine and dagger gives the native an appearance of self-consciousness, pride, dignity and nobility. He finds his paradise on horseback, especially when he sets out with his tribal comrades under the leadership of the sheik on a campaign against

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a hostile tribe, or when, armed to the teeth and richly appavelled, he sets out for a "fantasia."

The woman is the servant of her husband ; if the latter utters a word in the presence of a third person about dissolving the marriage, a divorce is effected. The chief burden of work and trouble rests on the shoulders of the woman. She looks after the children, the house, the fields and the cattle ; she weaves the material for the clothing of the family.

Although the Koran permits marriage with four women, polygamy is comparatively rare and is only to be found when a man is able to afford the luxury of several wives or when he requires additional labour-power.

It often happens that when a man divorces his wife, the latter does not go away in a state of indignation, but remains as a servant in the house. There is hardly any education in our sense of the word, apart from instruction in the Koran, which is imparted to children as soon as they are four years old. Consequently, it is only the sheik, as a rule, who can read and write, and he too is relieved of this needless toil by the village scribe, who is paid by the tribe to attend to everything pertaining to the art of reading and writing.

The appointments of the mean bleak houses in the mountains is more than simple ; a few carpets or mats on the floor ; by the walls a kind of mattress for sleeping, and a single chest to preserve garments or documents, that is all ;—and yet a contented people dwells there, their fate in Allah's hands. The mountain dwellers

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know scarcely any pleasures ; sometimes a travelling troupe of musicians and dancers make a change in the monotony of life, which is also broken by the visit to the markets held upon particular week-days in the largest places. Then the inhabitants with agricultural produce, for example, flock to the Sock el Tnehn, the Monday market, to barter their produce for the articles of trade coming from the coast. In the great markets thousands of men are then assembled, each with his rifle on his shoulder, and the boys are very proud of being able to carry a gun in their father's company. Here the mountain dweller also obtains mental stimulus, for he learns what is happening in his own country and in the world ; here snake charmers display their art and interpreters of the Koran and storytellers captivate the crowd.

As in the world elsewhere, the ceremony of marriage plays a big part in the life of this people. It deviates considerably from what is customary in Christian countries, and, in view of the subordinate position of woman, becomes a business transaction, in which the bride has very little to say. The relatives of the wooer apply to the family of the maiden for their consent. The father never petitions on behalf of his son ; this is undertaken rather by aunts and cousins. In the negotiation men are received only by members of their own sex, women only by women. A common meal in the house of the girl's parents precedes the negotiation proper. After a long conversation about indifferent topics they gradually approach the real

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reason for the gathering. The girl's father gives or refuses the hand of his daughter, after he has discussed the affair with his wife.

If an agreement be come to, the men recite together the Fatiha, the first chapter of the Koran. Discussions then proceed respecting the size of the bridegroom's present, which, according to his possessions, consists of a cow, corn and garments. Cash is, of course, also welcome. The bridegroom too, makes a present to the relatives of the bride and promises a sum of money, which is destined to provide a dowry. This consists of linen and clothing, and is kept in a chest called the "ssindock."

On the first day of the marriage preparations the "nharr el h'dia," the bridegroom, amidst noisy music and the firing of numerous muzzle loaders brings butter, grain and henna to the house of his betrothed. The bridegroom then enters the house of his parents-in-law. A meal at which the sexes are separated, consisting of honey, meat and confectionery, inaugurates the three days marriage festival, when the village scholar is also richly rewarded for drawing up the marriage contract.

On the next morning the bride embellishes her appearance by rubbing her hands and feet with the henna which the bridegroom has given her, so that it looks as if she is wearing chestnut coloured gloves and boots. Not until the third day does the wedding itself begin.

Upon a mule, saddled with a chair curtained with cloth or with leaves, the bride is conducted amidst music and the inevitable rifle shots, to

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the house of her future husband, where she is received by women and led to the bridal chamber. The next morning the entire village bring presents. Not until the seventh day may the young lady leave her room, to discuss the lovely wedding with her relatives and eventually to take over the burden and toil of everyday life. The dream is over—or is it beginning?

To be blessed with children is regarded by the Arabs as Allah's supreme favour; a childless woman often becomes neglected. If a son is born, a hen is killed; on the birth of a daughter, a cock, to prepare a nourishing soup for the mother. On the seventh day, christening day, the joyful event is celebrated at a gathering of all the relatives.

CHAPTER II

POLITICAL STATE OF MOROCCO BEFORE THE WORLD WAR

WHILST I was staying in the Capital of the country with Dr. Wirth a political event happened which was to have the gravest consequences for the country of Morocco and the European States politically and economically interested in it.

In April 1904, France and England concluded an agreement, which ceded influence in Morocco to the French, on exchange for which England received a free hand in Egypt.

I was then too young to realize the implications of this arrangement—to-day after the World War, its significance is plain enough. France was then striving after political sovereignty over North Africa, and not for economic advantages only : the main object of her expansion policy was, in the first place of a military political nature. France for her imperialistic ends, needed human material which the homeland could no longer supply in sufficient quantity. In public, to be sure, people were talking about a peaceful penetration of the country. Whether in the long run success will attend the attempt to subjugate the country, in

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which such free and self-reliant people live, and who became acquainted with European weapons and also with the blights of European civilization during the World War, is very doubtful.

The dual ownership of the African Continent will assuredly one day lead to difficulties between the two nations, England and France, which, despite all the pacific moods of the present time, only the sword will be able to resolve.

Is Morocco then of such political and economic importance, that its ownership could weigh so heavily in the scales of the policies of the great European States? And what did the Sherifian Empire itself look like?

Morocco is no new country, like other parts of the African Continent, as, for example, the Cameroons or the Congo State. It possesses an old civilization. Separated from Europe only by the Straits of Gibraltar, it was even in antiquity the coveted object of a policy of expansion. The Phoenicians and the Carthaginians were attracted by this rich country.

As the province of Mauretania, it was for centuries a dependency of Rome. After the fall of the Roman Empire, we find the Vandals invading the country in the first half of the fifth century. Then the country was submerged by the mighty waves of the Arab conquest. The native population of Berbers submitted to Islam and Morocco has remained to this day an Arab Kingdom. As such it has seen grandeur and decadence during centuries of internal struggles. Only once in the Middle Ages did a European power, Portugal, gain foothold in the

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country. Even to-day may be found the ruins of numerous buildings and fortifications, especially in the Riffian highlands, which served to facilitate the domination of the country, mainly in the coastal districts.

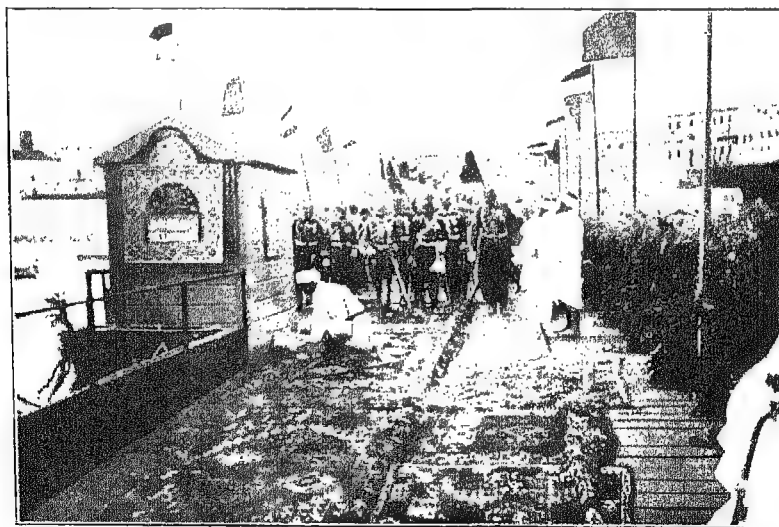
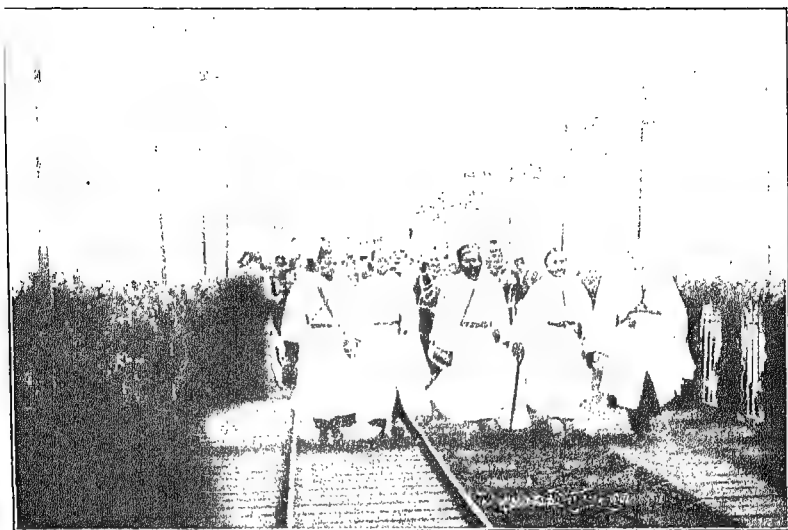
The Portuguese King, Sebastian, sealed this expedition of conquest with his death on the battlefield in the year 1578.

The country was free until the middle of the 19th century, when Spain, after the victorious battle of Tetuan, seized parts of the northern coast of the country.

At the Madrid Conference in the year 1880, the protection of Europeans was guaranteed by the Mulai Hassan, but he lacked the power to enforce his will to maintain peace in this extensive country, which is about equal in area to the German Empire.

The peculiarity of the people and the configuration of the country were permanent obstacles. Nominally the Sultan is an absolute ruler ; his country is divided into provinces, whose administrative officials, the kaid, he appoints himself : but the tribes themselves frequently choose their rulers and recognise the Sultan, if they recognise him at all, as their spiritual overlord.

Moreover the geographical configuration renders the enforcement of a strict, centralized governmental power very difficult. Like a broad belt the Atlas mountains push in a northeasterly direction through the whole country from Agadir on the coast to the Mediterranean



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Sea. From the latter there sweeps in an easterly direction the equally inaccessible mountain range, Er Rif, whose savage warlike inhabitants, the Riffians, offered tenacious resistance to the Spanish conquerors. There the Sultan Mulai Hassan died in 1894.

Under his youthful successor, Abdul Azis, who was only 16 years old and succumbed to French influence, the kingdom fell into a state of anarchy. Hostile acts committed upon Europeans led in the year 1897 to a joint demonstration of the European powers, in which Germany participated by sending a frigate.

The influence of France, owing to the favour of the young francophile monarch, grew stronger and stronger.

After the agreement between England and France in the year 1904, the latter felt at liberty to do whatever she liked in the country. The French foreign minister, Delcassé, attacked the Moroccan government in a strong speech. The advance of French influence also seriously affected the German pioneer work in Morocco, which had made such a successful beginning on the western coast of the country, as will subsequently be shown in detail.

Germany then came out of her shell.

At the end of March 1905, the German Emperor broke his journey to Corfu and landed at Tangier, in order to demonstrate to the world Germany's economic interest in an independent Morocco. The purpose of his visit was hailed with delight by all Germans in Morocco. Those of us who had any title to do

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so repaired to the port, to greet our sovereign. I myself had the honour, together with two other gentlemen, of taking part in the reception as representatives of the German trading community of Mazagan.

Towards eight o'clock the *Hamburg* escorted by the *Friedrich der Grosse* came in sight.

The French, English and Spanish warships fired salutes in honour of the Kaiser. A volley also sounded from the brazen mouth of the old Arab bastion of Tangiers. Hollow, as if from a distant world, came back the German answer. The port of Tangier was masked by a wealth of flowers, the Spanish colony having decorated the town. From each garland bedecked with German and Spanish flags hung the sign "Viva el Emperador Aleman." The pier was covered with the most brilliant carpets. An indescribable enthusiasm reigned among Germans, Spaniards and Arabs. Heavy seas were running. The notables assembled for the reception had already waited on the pier from 8 to 10. Then a rumour spread that the Kaiser was not going to land on account of an anarchist plot against his life. The notables withdrew. A sudden noise—the Kaiser had stepped on the pier carpet. I thrust aside a French photographer who had pushed his way into the front row. Everybody hurried forward to see the Kaiser. Several hundred Arabs, including emissaries from Raisuli, fired their rifles in the air. They made a deafening noise. We escorted the Kaiser through the narrow streets of the town, which were crowded with people and lined

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by Sherifian soldiers, to the German Embassy for the great reception.

The Kaiser greeted the Sherifian ministers, the foreign representatives, and above all us Germans. I shall never forget his pithy cordial words. A feeling of pride filled our breasts. We knew that Germany would protect her sons in a foreign land.

Great was the enthusiasm when the Kaiser, in a loud voice, said, to the leader of the Moroccan delegation the Sultan's representative : "Germany regards the Sultan as a sovereign ruler and will defend the independence of the Sherifian Kingdom." It swept like a flame through the whole country and kindled the sympathies of the Islamite people for Germany and her ruler.

It does not fall within the scope of this book to criticize the political expediency of the Kaiser's visit to Tangier and the public intimation of the German standpoint through the mouth of the Kaiser. For us Germans the intervention of our Government was an expression of the greatness of our splendid German fatherland, which only those who were living and labouring in a foreign land for German interests and Germany's economic advancement could appreciate.

It was a great satisfaction to us that the former German Ambassador at Tangier, Count Tattenbach, was sent on a special mission to the Sultan at Fez, where he worked successfully for the promotion of German economic interests,

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which were expressly guaranteed by the subsequent Treaty of Algeciras and the Franco-German agreement.

Considerable unrest disturbed the peace of the country in the years 1907 and 1908.

Dr. Mauchand, the French Ambassador, was murdered in Marrakesh, as he was hoisting the French flag. Thereupon the French occupied the town of Mdschda. The flame of resentment swept through the whole country. The francophile Sultan, Abdul Azis, fled from Fez to the protection of French guns at Rabat. Mulai Hafid, the elder brother of the young Sultan, enforced his legitimate claims to the throne. After inflicting a decisive defeat upon the army of Sultan Abdul Azis, sent against him from Casablanca, which was supported by the French with artillery and officers, he entered Fez as Sultan.

Bu Hamara, a rebel in French pay who had disturbed the peace of the interior, was taken prisoner, shut up in a cage, and exhibited to the population. His corpse was alleged to have been thrown to the lions.

The French did not at first recognize the new Sultan, and concentrated upon the subjugation of the coastal district. During a sudden advance General D'Amade from Casablanca to Azemur, a body of police despatched thence from Mazagan was completely annihilated on the way by the Kaid Uld Triay. Uld Triay later fled to the house of the Spanish Consul in Mazagan. The French surrounded the town, but while twenty of the Kaid's companions were

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breaking away in the direction of Saffi, Uld Triay with his two children rode through the town. He was recognized by a French non-commissioned officer and summoned to dismount. The Kaid shot his challenger dead, and escaped to Marrekesh and the Atlas.

Sultan Mulai Hafid restored peace and order with an iron hand, but was subsequently compelled to abdicate by the French. He was replaced as Sultan by his compliant brother, Mulai Jusuf, who thenceforward reigned in Rabat as a tool of General Lyautey and the French dictatorship.

Mulai Hafid, whose property was confiscated by the French at the end of the War, but whose family remained in French territory, quitted the country for Spain. He wrote "I abdicate in order to recover my freedom; for nobody renounces a throne to live afterwards as a slave. My family have ruled the country for three and a half centuries. I hold it unworthy of my race to govern dependent on the French. I do not blame those who are able to do so, but in view of my high lineage I do not think I could accept such a humiliation. I was offered 35,000 duro not to abdicate : four millions for household expenses ; two millions to pay soldiers and employees. I was also promised that my private life would not be interfered with. I did not consent, because this implied submission to a foreign policy. Rather than deceive my own people I abdicated. I prefer poverty to treachery to my race. Musselmen will know how to appraise my behaviour. I am ruined and know

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I shall not see my family again. It is all the same. I have done my duty, as my honour and religion required."

Proud, self-reliant words of a prince who certainly did not find it easy to leave Morocco's plains, where Sultan and Kuids on noble steeds with their falcons and beagles had so lately hunted the gazelle; the country of boundless rice and corn fields, of forests, of almond trees, of gardens where oranges, pomegranates, grapes, nuts, melons and dates grow luxuriantly. The French knew only too well what they were doing when they bartered their interests in Egypt for the exploitation of this land, which is also rich in gold, silver, iron and copper.

Thus Morocco had to become French, in order to ensure the success of the War that was being prepared against us. A Morocco hostile to France, would have rendered it difficult, if not impossible, to retain Algeria during the War. France would also have been prevented from diverting multitudes of Moroccans and natives to Europe for employment as soldiers and labourers in factory and field. Nor would France have had unlimited supplies of corn.

CHAPTER III

GERMAN ECONOMIC INTERESTS IN MOROCCO BEFORE THE WAR AND MY PERSONAL POSITION

IN spite of the internal confusion I have described and of French rivalry, German trade in Morocco expanded in a remarkable manner in the period between the Kaiser's visit and the World War.

The number of German trading vessels in the western ports of the Sherifian Empire, especially in Mazagan, Casablanca and Rabat, Saffi and Mogador, where important export and import houses carried on business, increased year by year. The firm of Mannesmann, in particular, had much to do with spreading the German spirit of enterprise as a civilizing force.

Dr. Reinhard Mannesheim was the first European to receive a mining concession from the Sultan Mulai Hafid.

In working this concession numerous ore fields were discovered by the many parties which the firm had sent prospecting into the interior, often under the most difficult conditions, both as regards financial sacrifice and danger to life.

The firm was also extremely successful in its farming operations.

On the occasion of a visit to one of the model

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farms, I was able to convince myself as to the keen interest which the brothers Mannesmann took in the development of the country.

The farms were equipped entirely on the European pattern. In 1908, Mr. Alfred Mannesmann, who mainly devoted himself to the farming of large estates, brought among other things a whole cargo of animals from Europe to Morocco, which was followed by many other consignments. Thus stallions, Swiss and Holstein breeding bulls, merino sheep, pigs, poultry of all kinds were introduced. The crossing of the cattle with the native beast sometimes produced an extraordinary success.

The area of the land belonging to the brothers Mannesmann and the firm of Mannesmann, which was spread all over Morocco and also included important urban and port districts, was almost equal to the size of Bavaria. Upon all this partially watered land there was hardly a variety of fruit that was not cultivated.

In addition, afforestation work was undertaken on a large scale. The cotton plant and the vine were cultivated on various farms.

In the last years before the War a number of industrial undertakings, such as a large corn and oil mills, saw-works, carpenters' shops, and repairing workshops, as well as saddlers' shops, were established.

The German merchant then worked hand in hand in peaceful competition with great English trading firms, such as Lamb Brothers, Murdoch, Butler & Co. and Fernan & Co. I mention these English trading firms, because after the

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outbreak of war, they manifested a benevolent attitude towards us in marked contrast to that of others, and intervened particularly on behalf of imprisoned Germans.

As to myself, my activities in Mazagan and Marrakesh during these years did not remain unfruitful. I was in Morocco almost continuously for ten years and became thoroughly familiar with both country and people.

I was often able to compose quarrels between Europeans and natives in the interior of the country, to which I was no longer a stranger. In the year 1912 I married an English-woman, the daughter of the Consul at Mazagan, and together we visited my brother in the Cameroons and travelled to London, whence I intended returning to Morocco to set up my own home. My wife at first remained behind in London.

Under the special protection of influential Frenchmen and Englishmen I started a business of my own at Rabat and Kenitra on the west coast of Morocco, and thanks to my knowledge of the country, my venture was speedily crowned with success. I was, in addition, an agent for steamship lines, and was on the point of embarking upon river navigation in the Qued Sebou.

Through my excellent relationships I secured land, houses and sites. I was on the best footing with the English and French, so that my enterprise in Rabat seemed to rest on firm foundations. This place was at that time an important port. It is situated on the left side of the estuary of the river Buregreg opposite the town of Salé 30 miles north-east of Casablanca.

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The bar of the river is very shallow and dangerous and for many days impassable.

Notable features are the old fortifications of the town as well as the coast works built by the German Rottenburg, and other sights worth seeing are the fifteen-mile-long aqueduct and the famous Hassan town, which resembles the Geralda in Seville.

Not far from Rabat are the ruins of Shella, where once the Carthaginians reigned.

The population of Rabat amounted to about 40,000, including 4,000 Jews and a few hundred Europeans and not counting the French military forces. The town is famous for the manufacture of genuine carpets and mats, as well as Moroccan leather slippers, stitched in gold and silver.

Already before the War the French General Lyautey had chosen lovely Rabat with its glorious gardens as his residence, and had laid down a splendid racecourse.

The town of Salé, called Sela by the Arabs, opposite Rabat situated on the right bank of the river, is an old settlement of the Carthaginians. The town was formerly notorious for the pirates and corsairs, who found a welcome refuge there. Even until a few years ago no European was permitted to live in Salé, because the town was inhabited by fanatical Moors. It numbered about 20,000 inhabitants.

Intercourse among Europeans was of a friendly character ; all my plans of the future seemed to be on the road to fulfilment.

Then like a bombshell came the news of the

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murder of the Austrian heir-apparent. I believed that England would compose the quarrel. Soon, however, we saw from the demeanour of the French that the outbreak of a world war was no longer to be repressed.

One piece after the other of exciting news reached us. Publicly, endeavours were made to reassure us. The streets were full of placards announcing "*La mobilisation n'est pas la guerre.*" But the French troopships were already anchored in the roads. The first 30,000 men were landed. I saw them coming into port ; among them being many foreign legionaries. I returned with very serious thoughts to my counter to pray for my fatherland.

From the mosque sounded the call of the Muezzin : "Allah Akbar : Great is God."

CHAPTER IV

CAPTIVITY AND FRENCH INFAMY

THE 31st July, 1914, dawned. The world was reeling. Even in Rabat the outbreak of war overshadowed everything else. "Vive la France !" and again "Vive la France !" was the cry taken up time and again in the streets.

I found myself, with some eight Germans, in a café, which was crowded with French officers and civilians. Englishwomen called to us : "Good luck to Germany !"

In order to avoid a conflict we preferred to return to our own homes. I considered what ought to be done. I could not get through to Germany. The only proper thing to do was to make for the interior of the country, but first of all it happened otherwise.

On the next day I intended to put my business affairs in order, so that I might flee in the night of the 2nd and 3rd August.

In the evening I went to Salé to see an Arab merchant with whom I was well acquainted, intending to ask him to look after my papers during my absence.

While I was with him we inevitably fell to discussing the state of war. War or no war formed the topic of conversation. We were

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just drinking tea when a Tunisian whom I had known for years to be a French police agent, joined us. The first thing he said was "Poor Germany !" I answered him : "Poor France !" and asked him whether war had already been declared. This he denied ; yet on the 1st August, the French had seized the German mail on its way from Fez. He averred further that Germany would be crushed like a copying book, and that there was no hole into which we could crawl. I laughed at him.

More and more Arabs gathered around and expressed various opinions. To put an end to the conversation I said : "What is it you Mohammedans want ? The Germans have been your friends from early times ! This copying book will crack any press !"

I then rose and went home to prepare for my flight. I did not suspect that the above conversation was to bring disaster upon me.

The next morning, just as I was writing a farewell letter to my wife in London, my servant asked me if he might admit a French officer. Immediately I thought of my harmless words of yesterday in the presence of a police agent. There was no alternative but to invite the gentleman into my room. I offered him a chair and asked him what he wanted. He remained standing and ordered me in a polite tone to accompany him to the French chief of police.

When I asked him if he did not know the German Consul, he replied with an ironical laugh. "Consul allemand n'existe plus."

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I told him I would come as soon as I had finished my letter. This he would not suffer. I was led away under escort. Soon after my arrival at the office of the Chief of Police the examination began. An Arab and the Tunisian were called as witnesses. Reference was made to the conversation in Salé. The Tunisian maintained that I had said : "Germany is entering the War on account of the Moham-medans." Thereupon the Arab was examined as a witness. He denied the statement of the Tunisian in the most positive fashion. Even when the Police Chief threatened to imprison him, the honest man stood by his statement. He was then led out of the examining room, and great efforts were made to induce him to testify against me.

After a quarter of an hour he was brought in again ; an attempt was again made to compel him to bear witness against me, whereat I quickly exclaimed in the presence of the examining judge. "He must tell the whole truth and has nothing to fear."

I was bidden to hold my tongue, if I did not want to be taken away immediately.

As they did not succeed in extorting anything from him, the Arab witness was dismissed and another witness was brought in.

The same spectacle repeated itself, except that this Arab, after he had been worked upon outside the examining room, testified against me.

I was incensed and exclaimed : "The whole thing is an infamy. The Tunisian only wants to earn a stripe ; You can shoot me without

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all this palaver ! I can't get back to Germany, but this of itself is no great loss, as one individual like me cannot make any difference to a powerful nation of 70 millions."

They replied mockingly that I ought to realize that Germany was lost, as : "L'Angleterre, la grande nation, la France, la Russie" were against us.

To this I merely retorted : "You have forgotten America and the Hottentots."

Upon this I was arrested and I trembled with rage at having been taken prisoner in such a contemptible manner.

An hour later a second examination began ; the second act of a comedy, in which the life of a human being was unscrupulously played with. About six o'clock the examining judge remarked : "Four witnesses are here, this will suffice." I knew at once that my life was at stake and replied : "Two witnesses for me and two against me !" Whereupon he said "Nous verrons."

I was again thrown in prison.

The next day I was conducted to the Palace of Justice, where the minutes were drawn up. I was told in a friendly tone to admit everything ; and nothing further would come of the matter. I was very careful not to respond to this invitation.

Then the most unheard-of thing happened. I was shown a warrant with a photograph alleged to represent me. I was supposed to have murdered a French Officer in Paris in the year 1912.

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I informed the examining judge that it was true that in the year in question, in company with my mother-in-law, a much respected English lady, I had stayed for a time with a French captain, but that to allege that I had murdered a French officer was the maddest invention which any human being could concoct.

Then I had to sign a long document, after which I was led away.

I was conducted to the Palace of Justice, when the matter was provisionally settled.

The photographs of my wife and my child were no longer in my cell when I returned.

After some days, in company with other Germans of the colonies of Rabat and Fez, I was brought to Casablanca, where numerous compatriots were already in Mr. Karl Ficke's house and garden. Here for the first time I was openly pillaged, and Dr. Holzmann, to the accompaniment of gross insults, was hustled away. A few days later we were all crowded together on a steamer, which accompanied by a second steamer carrying Germans from Mazagan, Saffi and Mogador, and escorted by two cruisers, proceeded via Rabat to Oran in Algeria.

We conceived the idea of desposing the Captain of the steamer on the way, and escaping through the Spanish zone to Malaga or Melilla, when the cruiser escort left us after passing the straits of Gibraltar.

We could easily have overpowered the few guards on board ; but the great responsibility for the numerous German women and children

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eventually obliged us to abandon with regret this reasonable plan.

I placed my greatest hope on Algeria.

Shortly before ten o'clock in the morning we reached the French port of Oran. We saw steamer after steamer, laden with troops, leaving the port, and with sullen anger we realized that these thousands of drunken "Vive la France" shrieking Algerians were being despatched to France in order to fight against our fatherland.

At noon we left both the steamers. We had to line up in order to be conducted to the railway station. We were expressly ordered to take with us all our portable luggage, and particularly our jewellery and our money. Soldiers, cab drivers, officers, dustmen, even the guards who ought to have protected us, and the Oran mob derided and insulted us.

After ten minutes march a halt was made, seemingly to give the mob more time to collect, and the first stone was thrown at us. This was the beginning of a general stoning and plundering.

I carried the purse of a Mrs. Opitz of Casablanca. A dog-cart carrying a Frenchwoman passed. The driver dealt us a blow with his whip. The mob could no longer be restrained and rushed us.

My companion received a punch in the face, then a kick in the stomach, so violent that he could scarcely stand for the furious pain.

A French flag was held in front of me, and I was loudly summoned to cry "Vive la

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France !” but the pressure of those following behind saved me from compliance with this agreeable request.

The man in front of me received a kick in the belly and a blow on the head from a cudgel.

We kept in alignment, resigned but consumed with rage.

Then the leader of our file was dragged away. To assist him was impossible. I myself was struck in the face by a stone as big as a plate, and on my left I was busy warding off kicks and cudgellings. Already I had been obliged to sacrifice my cloak and hat.

A moment later I saw Karl Ficke of Casablanca lying on the ground, all battered and bleeding.

A regular battle had begun : and thick as hail fell the blows with cudgels and fists. Flower pots came whistling down from the flat roofs. A heap of stones was lying in the street, intended for building purposes. The mob made for it and used the stones as missiles against unarmed prisoners.

Narrower and narrower became the gangway through which we were obliged to pass the howling mob. We could only get through singly ; it was a veritable running of the gauntlet ! At length the railway station came in sight, but the mob hurried on in front and barred our way, crying : “None of them must reach the station alive !”

A last desperate spurt and a break through. We had at last reached the station, bleeding from numerous wounds and tired to death.

IN CAPTIVITY AND FRENCH INFAMY

Yet even here the persecution was continued, although all but three men were lying on the ground out of sheer exhaustion.

Two of those who remained standing were pushed aside and forced to sing the Marseillaise.

A Mr. Giese had his teeth knocked out and his lips were so swollen that it was impossible to give him water.

Mr. Feder, a Berliner, temporarily went out of his mind. He kept calling me "My dear doctor," and thought we were at the Berlin Railway station.

Mr. Julius Bock, of Hamburg, lay dying in my and Mr. Fock's arms.

Behind us in conveyances came the women and children, who had also been exposed to the grossest insults and illtreatment on the way. We could not give them any assistance at the railway station, as we were separated from them by fixed bayonets.

Two officers accosted me and said I was not yet sufficiently wounded ; when I retorted that they were very brave against defenceless prisoners and women, it was only by force that they were restrained from further mishandling. This was due to a captain who had just arrived and who was genuinely indignant at the Oran outrage. He was, however, a *rara avis* among his compatriots.

An hour later we were all huddled together in cattle trucks on our way to the district of Tlemcen, situated in the interior of Algeria.

During the journey Consul Brandt of Casablanca was forced to alight at the Sidi bel

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Abbas station, and I noticed the old gentleman was handcuffed. As I learned later, he was lawlessly condemned to ten years penal servitude or to death, a fate which overtook various other German merchants from Casablanca.

On arriving at Tlemcen we were accommodated in stables, where several women vainly sought their husbands.

Three days later we were taken in lorries to Seb dou, where we were interned in a prisoners' camp and further plundered in the most shameless manner by a Lieutenant Tuillier.

It is true we were safe from actual ill-treatment, but our term of suffering was not yet at an end.

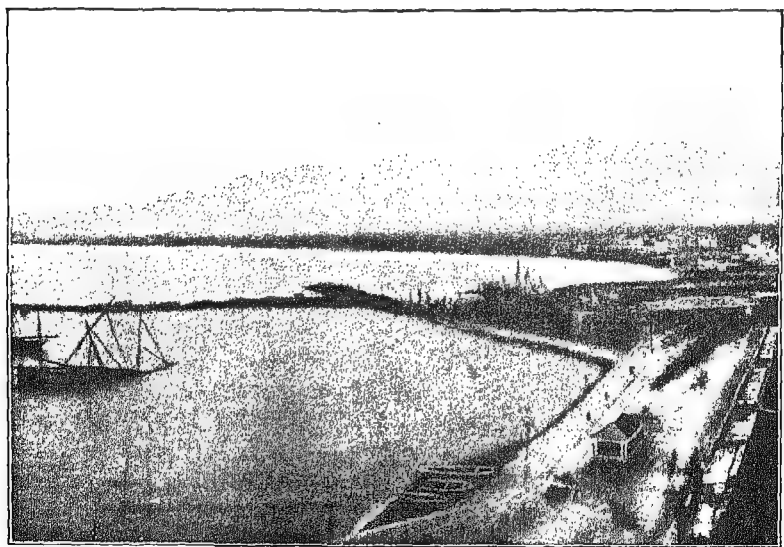
I was put in a solitary cell, because I had refused to clean the entrance to the Commander's dwelling. Rage and hate possessed me—two steps forward, two steps backward in the tiny room until I was tired and laid down on the plank bed to sleep. Out of a restless sleep I was frequently awakened by my cell companions, the mice, who were looking for bread crumbs. The bitter irony of fate! I wrote to my mother-in-law in London that the French with their well-known courtesy had placed a castle at my sole disposal, where no one might disturb me. I enjoyed most delightful peace, my food was brought into the Castle, and I was daily visited by a little mouse.

The good lady did not understand my humour and really believed in this French chivalry!

At length I was liberated from this solitary



PRISONERS CAMP AT SERDOU



IN CAPTIVITY AND FRENCH INFAMY

confinement and joined the others in the large barracks.

We were employed on all kinds of work ; we had to fell trees, erect fences and sweep streets.

How often did I parade through the streets as "dust-cart horse," in harness with Mr. Funke of Berlin, accompanied by other Germans armed with brooms and shovels and escorted by Zouaves armed to the teeth ! Yet this was not the dirtiest work ; we were certainly envied in our labours by Küpers, the German doctor, who, with broom and pail, was escorted past us, on his way to cleanse the latrines.

Dr. Doppert, a physician who was highly respected by all of us, died shortly afterwards, in consequence of the illtreatment he had received. He was dragged back to Casablanca with many other prisoners. Here Messrs. Ficke, Gründler and a young postal official were lawlessly shot.

An elderly German Consul was forced to gather stones in the sweltering heat.

But was any better treatment to be expected from France, the so-called chivalrous nation, which was pluming itself on being the sole repository of civilization ?

In the Cameroons I had contracted malarial fever, which suddenly broke out again in Sebdou. I sent a request to the French staff doctor for quinine.

He came to me in a towering rage and asked sarcastically if I was a prince. I told him no and said "I regret it myself," adding that with

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a high temperature it was impossible for me to go to him myself. He retorted that my illness was not a serious matter and that I must come to him every morning ; otherwise he would have me punished. Eventually he sent me some quinine.

Eight days later I had a sharp attack of influenza. This time I went to the doctor myself, to procure aspirin. He received me in quite a friendly fashion. I was to expose my chest for examination. Scarcely had I done so when, without examining me further, he told me there was nothing wrong with me and that I was not ill. I thanked him for his trouble and returned to my quarters with knees trembling so much that I could scarcely keep upright.

The result of my visit to the doctor was a punishment of fourteen days solitary confinement in a room just over six feet square, without a window.

In this dark cell my long-pondered plans for escape assumed a definite shape, and I resolved to put them into operation without delay.

CHAPTER V

ESCAPE

SCARCELY had I returned from solitary confinement to the general quarters than I proceeded with the execution of the plan which was to liberate me from this hell.

One night I secretly left the camp and supped in a neighbouring village with an Arab, who informed me of recent political happenings and, among other things, told me about suppressed revolts in Algeria.

After remaining with him a few hours I crept back to the camp unnoticed.

I spent every free moment upon gymnastic exercises in order to train my body for the coming fatigues.

I had discussed escaping with ten other German prisoners, but they were irresolute and wanted to keep postponing the attempt. I clearly perceived the danger of delay, for it was quite on the cards that our guards might become even stricter in supervision, or that we might be transferred to another camp.

On the 2nd October, 1915, I invited the men to flee with me at once. An Austrian possessed a compass and maps, which were most valuable articles for a flight in a foreign country. I

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begged him for them, but in vain. He feared that I should be captured during my flight and that he would get into serious trouble as the owner of the instruments.

Only two men, Gustav Fock and Thilo Müller, declared their readiness to flee with me in the coming night, with the intention of reaching Spanish territory. Sun, moon and stars must show us the way.

I was again down with fever and so weak that I could hardly stand.

When evening came I was sitting in front of my quarters. The outlines of the distant mountains were enticing ; the Great Bear shone clear in the firmament. I roused myself, went into the quarters of a fellow prisoner, and asked him for a glass of wine, which I gulped down and for which I felt better. My resolve to escape was not taken seriously and I was credited with crazy ideas about breaking through. Only four prisoners knew that I intended to carry out my resolution.

At nine o'clock in the evening the bugle blew for parade. I slipped back to my quarters. We stood rigid. The sergeant passed us and called to me : " Attention, Bartels ! "

When he was gone I went into my room, which was partitioned by canvas, and stepped to the window. Little more than four yards away were the barracks of the Zouaves. I threw out of the window a prepared sack, in which I had stowed some clothes, two loaves of bread and a bottle of wine mixed with water.

The Zouaves, who were standing in front of

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their barracks, laughed at me, because they thought the sack had fallen out of the window through negligence, and allowed me to go out to retrieve it.

Instead of returning through the door into the barracks, I ran straight across the camp ground, and in the darkness luckily passed one of the sentries stationed in the corner.

I threw myself on the ground as two guards passed the spot only a few yards away.

Their footfalls had scarcely died away before I began feeling my way along the fence which surrounded the camp, and after a short time I crept through a previously cut hole in the abbatis into the open.

At this place there was an old trench. I crept, again on all fours, into the bottom of the trench, where it was arranged I should wait for my two travel companions, Fock and Müller.

Half an hour went by and nothing stirred, except the sentries, whom I saw pass me several times darkly outlined. At last I heard a noise in the trench and saw what looked like a man lying down close beside me. A hand pressure. It was my ally Müller. We had been lying down about ten minutes when a man appeared above the trench, who ran off in hot haste after he had seen us.

We thought we were discovered and that all was lost ; it was with difficulty that I restrained Müller from creeping back into the camp, especially as "lights out" was just sounded in the fort, which in his excitement he thought was an

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alarm, just as he mistook for a rocket a marvelous meteor which illuminated the whole place.

Then we heard a soft call and a whistle.

I pulled Müller up. We ran along the trench; Fock appeared, and our fear of betrayal was past.

A short hurried, whispered consultation, and we were off ! At first, we made straight across a field towards a house which we had not seen, but from which we were chased by the dogs roaming around.

We crossed the brook by the house and reached a highway, along which we hurried as quickly as we could.

After a little time a short halt was made. We put on our canvas shoes. Fock changed his linen, in order to make a good impression on the Spaniards, for whose zone we were making in a north-westerly direction.

Having run for another half hour, Fock discovered to his horror that he had left his shirt lying in the middle of the road : a misfortune which might frustrate our designs right at the very start, as we were forced to assume that our flight and its direction would soon be discovered, and that the French would pursue us as quickly as possible.

The road led to the river Tafna ; to the right and left were high mountains ; the road was quite smooth, as if constructed for running. Just then the moon rose over the mountains. Our spirits soared and kept whispering the word : Freedom ! Free above all from the

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French yoke! Dreams of a great future for our fatherland filled my mind.

The fever had abated. Boldly we pressed forward, but soon we encountered the first obstacle. The road came to an end. It had not been built any farther. We found ourselves standing on the edge of an abyss in the midst of the mountains. Far below us on the left we heard the roar of the river; gigantic rocks barred our way in front; to the right were almost inaccessible mountain walls.

We sat down and refreshed ourselves from our scanty stock of provisions. We discussed our further flight and did not hide from ourselves the great difficulties and dangers which lay in our path. On the shortest calculation, we should have a five days journey, before we could reach Muluya, the dividing river between Algeria and the Spanish zone. Could we hold out? One of my companions became faint-hearted and thought it would be better to return to Sebdou; perhaps if we returned our escape might remain unnoticed.

Away with such timorous thoughts! Forward!

I scrambled down to the Tafna, in order to ascertain whether one could proceed along its banks, but found it was impossible to make any further progress. I therefore climbed up again, where at length I found a shepherd's path.

I called my two travelling companions to the spot, but they had first of all to return to our resting place, as the field glasses had been left lying there.

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Soon we found ourselves like pathfinders on the narrow way. The moon disappeared and it became pitch dark. One after another we scrambled down a ridge, and unexpectedly burst into an Arab garden.

We pushed our way through ditches and thickets, and suddenly saw a man running away from us.

In the darkness he probably took us for brigands from our dishevelled appearance. We ran after him and came to a path, which led us back to the Tafna.

Müller remained behind on the high river bank as a guard. Fock and I scrambled down, filled our bottles with water, and upon our return, after groping about in the dark, found our sentry, Müller, asleep like a bear.

After a short rest we proceeded on our way. Towards three o'clock in the morning we found a shallow part of the river, which was, however, completely covered with vegetation. We clambered down the bank, threw leaves into the water, to ascertain from the current of the river the direction of our flight, and after crossing the stream found on the other bank a well preserved forest track, along which we hastened.

The first day of freedom had dawned.

Through thick bushes we pushed our way up a mountain side, and laid down under the tangled bushes of thick trees, to rest and inspect the country.

Suddenly to our horror we discovered about 200 yards in front of us a village, from the neighbourhood of which it was imperative that

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we should vanish with all possible speed. Sleep was now out of the question. While we were still considering what was to be done, we observed below us at the foot of the mountain the first Goumier—country policeman—accompanied by two dogs, who was peering right and left. Luckily he soon took another way, and we were able to prepare our breakfast in peace.

Now, however, another danger approached in the shape of a buck, which invaded our ambush. We thought of killing the beast, but more and more goats came along, and the voices of goat-herds, attempting to drive their animals by stones, re-echoed among the rocks. Everything passed off well; the goats scampered away, without our being discovered.

Just as I was about to utter *El hamdulila*—(thank God)—we were barked at by a watchdog, which despite all the cries of "*Lei nal Buck*" (God curse thy father) with which it was bombarded, would not stir from our vicinity. Not until he had been pelted with a number of stones by his master, who was, of course, unaware of the reason why he was barking at the bushes, did the dog run off.

The devil continued to play with us. Not far from our spot two ass-drivers sat down to pray and eat their breakfast. Then one of the asses remarked our comrade Müller; she had probably never seen a man with glasses, for suddenly the beast started kicking and ran braying down the hillside, dragging the driver after her.

No longer feeling secure in this spot, we

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plunged deeper into the thicket, and at length at the end of the day found the rest we needed so badly.

After sunset we resumed our march in a north-westerly direction through hilly country. It was pitch dark. As we were descending the flank of a mountain we saw a light coming towards us, in the neighbourhood of which we could hear whispering voices. It was two hours after midnight. The voices came nearer, and so did the light ; which was for us the signal for instant flight. We scrambled down the mountain, until on reaching the foot we heard and saw nothing more. In front of us lay a deep ditch, completely covered with vegetation, which would have proved a very convenient resting place during the day, but owing to the danger from snakes and scorpions we dared not venture into it in the darkness.

I shivered in the frost ; the fever had gripped me again. When dawn came, we sought out the above-mentioned ditch, and found in it a suitable, concealed camping place for the coming day.

The third night of our flight proved one of the hardest ordeals we had to go through. In the course of our wandering we suddenly stumbled on a thicket of thorns which imprisoned us like barbed-wire. We emerged from one spiky labyrinth nearly ten feet high only to pass into another. It cost us three hours of desperate exertion to fight our way through. We lost our bearings completely. At length, close on midnight, we escaped from this maze of torture.

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Almost fainting from thirst we found ourselves on a table-land. The cry now was : water, water.

In front of us was a second valley, surrounded by high mountains. The Great Bear shone in the north-west above a high mountain peak, which we took as our objective. Suddenly we came across a well-beaten track, which led under high trees. While we were still considering where we should find water the next day, I saw something silvery gleaming on the ground, and bent down—a murmur of joy ! It was a spring bubbling out of the ground ! We drank and drank, filled our bottles and thanked Providence for this mercy !

After barely escaping the danger of falling into a deep pit on our further march, we laid down on a projecting rock to rest and take counsel.

For hours we lay prone on the ground, when suddenly in the pitch dark night we saw ourselves encircled by twenty to thirty lights. The lights, however, we recognized as the glowing eyes of hyænas and jackals, staring at us from a distance of nine yards. We sprang to our feet and scared the cowardly band away within a short time by well-aimed stones. We continued to hear in the distance their sinister, raucous howls.

The morning of the third day of our flight dawned. Before us lay the whole valley in its savage beauty. We packed up and to our unspeakable delight discovered near a spring a tree bearing the Arab "Sassnu," a kind of straw-

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berry, which indeed tasted mealy, but was for us priceless, as we had scarcely any food left.

After this precious refreshment we climbed a mountain. What a wide, splendid view opened out before us when we had reached its summit ! Immediately opposite us, but in the distance, was the town of La Marnia, and on the left the town of Udshda, both lying on the great Oran-Fez railway line. In front of us the great plain and behind the two above-named towns a high mountain.

On the mountain we sought protection from the sun's rays and protection from our enemies under the low brushwood. Looking around us again we discovered the road that led to Udshda. It can be imagined with what trepidation we observed that it was patrolled by French Goumiers, who probably wanted to secure the reward offered for the apprehension of the fugitives. As I had already been before a court martial, my capture would have meant my death. We crept back to our bushes, and alternately remained on guard. The sun was scorching. Dismal thoughts stole into our minds. Would the flight succeed ? We had already got so far that we could see salvation beckoning to us from the Spanish zone.

Müller was particularly downcast : He wondered if it would not be better to make for the French town of La Marnia and surrender to the local authorities. We managed to console him. The day drew to a close. Our watch showed half past five when Fock discovered at the foot of the mountain directly under us

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four horsemen staring steadily at us. That we had been discovered admitted of no doubt whatever, and the hunt might now begin.

Through our glass we saw two horsemen bearing to the right in order to come up to us by an easier slope of the mountain, while the other two remained where they were, apparently so as to keep us continually in view. We did not stir and resolved to await the onset of darkness.

With its coming we felt reprieved and whistled "All hail gladdening night !" Then we ran into the all-enveloping darkness. It was stiff going downwards, along the side of the road, as we had to keep as far away as possible from the vicinity of the observers. Every stone and every noise must be avoided. We hurried, we slid, we felt as if devils were after us.

Occasionally we had to stop in order not to lose the short-sighted Müller.

We landed suddenly in a dry bed, completely covered by vegetation, into which we stumbled as if into a pit. There we lay, but how were we going to get out ! As the steep sides of the bank were covered with a network of bushes, climbing up was out of the question. An oleander tree came to our assistance ; we swarmed up it, and, safe although somewhat shaken, we managed to get out of the pit.

After tramping for another two hours we came to a river, whose bed we only reached, after an unspeakable struggle with thick thorn bushes, with tattered clothes and completely torn

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shoes. Parched with thirst we drank the precious liquid and refreshed ourselves with a bathe which invigorated both body and mind. Then we were seized by overpowering fatigue ; under a thick bush we laid down to divine sleep.

On the fourth day, just before three o'clock, we again broke camp and after about two hours reached a forest track, along which horses must have recently passed. Close in front of us ran a highway, along which Arabs were moving on horseback and on foot.

It now behoved us to be doubly cautious. We ascended some rising ground, in order to ascertain the position of the sun, which had already disappeared behind a mountain ridge, and settle the course of our further march, as well as to inspect the landscape more closely.

In front of us to the right we perceived the town of La Marnia. Consequently, our dangerous obstacle, the Oran-Fez railway, could not be so far away.

At nightfall we were on the march again and after passing European houses, arrived at a low-lying meadow, in which about one hundred oxen were rounded up. Then a motor car whizzed past us on the road, with our greatest enemy—men.

We hurried towards the railway line, which now glittered distinctly ahead with its lights. The station of La Marnia was brilliantly lighted up and seemed to us like a great palace. The night became quite dark ; the railway, however, was no longer coming closer, and eventually we lost sight of it altogether ; we must have

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missed our way in the elusive landscape. Differences of opinion arose as to the direction to be taken. We stretched ourselves on the ground for a rest ; the second and last time that I was exhausted during this flight.

Fock and I had a raging thirst, but no water, as we had shared our last drop with Müller. But it was no use lying thirsty : we must go on and shake off our fatigue. We crossed two river beds, but in neither was there any water. We were nearing the point of collapse when, uttering a shriek of joy, we stumbled upon the railway track, which we so much desired and yet so feared. On all fours we crossed over, without being discovered, thank God !

Now the route lay forward across the plain towards the still distant mountain. Two roads must still be negotiated. Luckily we got clear of them also. Then we stopped suddenly : close in front of us loomed a well-tended copse of oak trees with a house, from which a lamp was shining full on us, and from the steps of which a Frenchman was descending and whistling for his dog. We turned right about face, zigzagged in various directions, evaded discovery and hurried on our way.

After an hour we reached one of the canals which the French had constructed, and here we found water at last. We drank and drank as if we could never stop, re-filled our bottles, and then pressed onward with renewed strength.

All at once we heard quite close to us the cry "Mohammed," "By Scheib" the trampling of horses, the barking of dogs, and we bounded

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off to a hedge. One after another we jumped over. A watch dog ran off howling. Men and horses thundered past us. We ran back to the canal, skirted a village, and fell into a river ; Fock and Müller both taking an involuntary bath.

Then forward once more. At half-past four it was light, but the mountain was still far away. There was no cover in the wide, open plain, but our luck did not desert us. Fock discovered ten yards in front of us an empty "Matmora," a hole for storing grain, wherein we hid ourselves without much hesitation. We then ate a piece of bread and the contents of our last box of preserves.

Fock cautiously pushed his head out of the hole, in order to survey the prospect.

About nine o'clock in the morning we were disturbed by a goat, which gazed down at us through the hole in the Matmora, and on discovering our presence bounded away with long leaps.

We had been sitting in the hole until nearly three o'clock in the afternoon, when our granary suddenly darkened. We looked up startled and observed an Arab, who was staring at us flabbergasted, his long nose thrusting deep into the hole ; then, as if stung by a hornet, he withdrew and ran away shrieking.

Now, however, it was incumbent on us to get out of the hole with all celerity. We climbed out upon one another's shoulders ; the last man being hauled out by the other two. We ran towards the north until we found a river bed

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which offered some cover, and then we turned south.

A band of old and young Arabs were running in pursuit of us ; we on the other hand, proceeded farther and farther south, and when we lost sight of them, we made for a road, on which we met three women, who made astonished remarks about us. The impression we made in our tattered clothes could not have been of a confidence-inspiring character.

Towards five o'clock we became aware that we were being observed by a French patrol on our right, but we did not let this disturb us. We continued our course calmly, and in his full view sat down on the open edge of the ditch, as though the patrol did not concern us in the least.

Soon afterwards we pushed through a small cavity in the hedge and made for a thicket lying westward, where we remained concealed until darkness.

Came the sixth night. Towards seven o'clock in the evening we broke up the camp, followed a dry river bed, and then turned towards the mountain. Meanwhile it had become so dark that we could scarcely see our hands before our eyes. Suddenly a light appeared in front of us, and soon afterwards we heard whispers. We at once threw ourselves on the ground ; then we heard an Arab say that the Hacking (the officer) had ordered them for three o'clock in the morning. It was now two o'clock and we knew immediately that the French patrol, enlightened by the shepherd, was on our track.

We crept back softly and, taking wide curves,

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raced towards the mountain. Passing various villages, at the threshold of which we were warned off by the barking of dogs, we reached a mountain slope unmolested, laid down between rocks and immediately went to sleep. We were all three completely exhausted.

When the sixth day of our flight dawned, we promptly broke up camp, as the vicinity of men spelt danger for us. Suddenly we came across a house, on the flat roof of which the owner appeared. Goats and oxen were led out of the farm, and then the owner disappeared into the interior of his habitation. Observing great caution we attempted to creep past, but immediately came up against a second house and were discovered.

A man with a gun barred our road and asked whither we wanted to go. "To the French post of Sidi Berkan," we told him. He was joined by two more Arabs. The gang did not believe us and refused to let us pass.

A young, well-dressed Arab asked the time of Müller, who as a courteous man immediately drew out his watch. The rascal snatched it away from him and thrust it into his pocket. Then he pointed out to us the Kasba, the house of a kaid, which lay about two miles away on the mountain side, and added that he was going to deliver us up. I retorted that we also wanted to be taken to the kaid, so that the latter should make him return the watches and the thousand duro which we had given him. He knew quite well that if he did not restore the watches and

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the money, the kaid would have him thrashed within an inch of his life.

The Arab did not notice that we were superior to him in diplomatic art, for Müller had given him only ten duro and one watch. The other Arabs had in the meantime disappeared.

The elegant robber also vanished, but returned in a short time with another Arab, with whom he carried on a whispered discussion in our vicinity, so that we did not feel too comfortable.

Meanwhile we had sought shelter behind stones, in order the better to defend ourselves. Our presence of mind, as well as our humour, helped to extricate us from this awkward situation. After a private discussion, we arose very deliberately, and laughingly began a conversation with them. I was very thankful to Müller for not parting with all his money, as we were likely to have urgent need of it on our further flight.

After the Arabs had pondered the matter sufficiently, they decided to help, and after some bargaining even brought us bread and tea. This was the first time since we fled that we had something warm in our stomachs.

We took a special fancy to an Arab as tall as a tree, and tried to persuade him to conduct us for fifty francs to the Muluya, the boundary river between Algeria and the Spanish zone. He considered the proposal for a long time, but eventually he consented. It was arranged that we should wait for him in front of his house when it was dark.

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In the meantime he brought me a dirty Arab Rusa—turban—and wound it around me, or, stuck it on my head. I recovered my humour and sang "When the lice are softly running," whereat he mended my tattered garment.

As it was getting dark his daughter, Chadiya, came and brought us coffee and barley-bread. Shortly afterwards appeared the tall Arab, accompanied by a nephew with an enormous cudgel, and henceforward the impression he made on us was anything but reassuring. His face was completely wrapped up and only his eyes darted restlessly around. To Chadiya, the darling, we presented a duro, and proceeded along smugglers' paths, between chalk mountains, towards a river.

Thus the seventh day of our flight approached. I insisted that the old man should go in front, behind him his nephew, and then came Fock and Müller.

Suddenly we saw men darting about on the other side of the river. I seized the old man's shoulder, and asked him what this meant. He shook his head to convey that he did not know. All of a sudden he wheeled round, seized me by the breast and hissed "Nkiddlick" (I'll kill you). I gave him a push and told him I was not afraid of a decrepit old man, and he had better hurry along. Whereupon he tried to laugh it off as a joke.

We continued to scramble along bad paths over rocks and stones, when, suddenly the old man was pitched to the ground with such violence that I thought he was seriously injured.

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However, his bones must have been made of iron, for, merely muttering a curse, he got on his feet again.

We came to a motor road ; the river on the left, and on the right telegraph poles, sighing in the night wind. We made a brief halt, then I assisted Fock, who had a bad foot, also taking charge of his rucksack, and arm in arm we swept, in the literal sense of the word, along the street, for the rags which we had wound about his wounded foot were completely torn, and threw up thick clouds of dust at every step.

Towards eleven o'clock in the evening we were startled by the blast of a trumpet in our immediate vicinity. We thought at first of treachery, but perceived it came from a motor car filled with officers. In front of us was a French patrol. We crept right past him. The Arab and his nephew had vanished into the darkness ; but it was only fright that had impelled them to run away, and they quickly rejoined us. We hurried on in a westerly direction and reached a river, which the old Arab asserted was the Muluya. This we did not in the least believe. The stream seemed to us too narrow, although it could have been the boundary river. The fifty francs conduct money was paid. After thanking us, the old man said he must take his departure and advised us to penetrate as far as possible into the wood, in order to get away from the dangerous frontier. Then, making us another Arab salutation, he disappeared with his nephew.

By this time we were on the other side of the

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river, and although tired to death we dragged ourselves another two and a half miles and reached the outskirts of a village, where we laid down to enjoy a refreshing sleep until dawn. This was the eighth day.

We arose reinvigorated and sang joyously "There sounds a call like Donnerhall," as we thought we were already traversing Spanish territory. After a two-hours tramp we reached two farms. I asked a Berber coming from one of these farms about its owner, who he told me was a Frenchman, while the other farm belonged to a Spaniard. He took us to be Jewish pedlars, on account of the bags in which we carried our belongings. Not until we were quite close to him did he recognise us as Christians. It was now full daylight.

A Frenchwoman drove away from the farm in a one-horse trap, while a second Arab, who came from the other farm, crossed our path. We turned aside ; but after five minutes two huge fellows stood in front of us. They greeted us with the words "Salem ualikum," (Peace be with you) and then asked whither we were going. I replied that we were making for the French post of Sidi Berkam. Thereupon they felt my rucksack and inquired whether I had any slippers to sell. While they were thus engaged, they made a peculiar grimace and looked at me sideways, and at length intimated that we ought to tell them the truth, that we wanted to cross the Muluya. I regarded them intently and said in a serious tone : "If you betray us, may God punish you ! Yes, we want

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to cross the Muluya." My knowledge of humanity had not deceived me in this instance. They invited us to accompany them to the farm and told us that the owner, a French officer, was at the front, and the wife did not bother about her affairs. When I declined to do so, they found shelter for us between thorn bushes, and called some swineherds, whom they instructed to guard us. They brought us tea and bread several times.

Evening was again approaching. We then proceeded, in the company of this Arab, who had armed himself with a long gun, across the densely populated plain of Beni Ssnassen to the house of the kaid, where we were told to wait in front of the door. We did not yet trust them and moved away from the spot where they had left us standing.

After some minutes they came back, accompanied by a number of people. When we heard what they were telling each other, we emerged from our hiding place. The Arabs, so they said, had not been able to meet their friend, the kaid, and had resolved to go with us through the midst of the forest which at this point was very extensive.

We then proceeded with them further. Around every tree trunk, around every hedge we raced like Indians on the war-path, bounding and creeping, suspecting patrols everywhere.

Suddenly the Arabs stood still in front of me, levelled their guns and whispered to me : "Here comes someone." I too suddenly saw a man in front of me standing by a thorn hedge. A

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glance and I had recognised him. Quickly I grasped the other's rifle and exclaimed : "For God's sake don't shoot." It was our fellow-traveller Müller, who had gone astray. They both muttered irritably into their beards, and then ran forward like weasels.

All at once a number of patrols emerged several hundred yards in front of us. They must also have observed us, for they turned their lanterns on us. Our leaders immediately threw themselves on the ground. Noiselessly we followed their example and waited, concealed behind stones, until the beams of light had passed us. Then we ran this way and that for half an hour and came to a house. Again we concealed ourselves, while the old man went inside. Shortly afterwards he came out, with eight natives. On this occasion also we did not show ourselves until after we had understood what they were whispering to each other. But oh horrors : they intended to deliver us up !

The last wild chase. We ran as fast as we could downhill, although we were frequently obliged to stop in order not to lose Fock, who could not follow so quickly on account of his bad foot. The chase lasted a good half hour. At last we reached the river. The Muluya flowed in front of us, shallow and peaceful, but very broad. As we ran along the river bank, suddenly a naked, brown giant emerged from the water. Like men possessed we raced along the bank ; a shot was fired and we plunged into the river. A second, a third shot splashed in the water. We struggled against

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the current, which threatened to engulf us. Our clothes stuck to us and dragged us, but we touched bottom and reached the other bank, intoxicated with joy we threw ourselves among the ferns—we were saved ! When we had clambered up the river bank, what an amazing spectacle met our eyes : close in front of us lay the sea, which we had imagined to be so very far away.

On the ninth day of our flight, completely dishevelled, we reached the coastal district of Cabo de Agna where we were sympathetically received by the Spaniards, and especially by the family of the Commandant.

We had achieved what had been regarded as quite impossible in the Sebdeu internment camp. We had traversed two hundred and twenty miles of unknown country. Through valleys and across mountains, without map or compass, the stars as our guide. The news of our arrival rapidly spread in the little port. A French captain came in order to convince himself of our break through, and the Spanish Commandant found it incredible that we had been able to cross the strictly guarded frontier. From all sides the inhabitants flocked to us ; they fêted us as heroes and offered the most cordial invitations. Even if we had possessed the means, it would have been quite impossible for us to buy anything ; we received everything that we needed, clothes and food, as presents. The Commandant even provided us with mules, on which we rode along the coast to Nador, whence we took the train to Melilla. Melilla, dear old

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town how lovely we found you ! How often we drank to your prosperity, inspired by the thought that you had become our salvation and refuge.

In Melilla I received one day through Mr. Salama, a letter from Mr. Ashfield, the captain of an English ship which lay in the harbour who was on terms of friendship with my English relatives and myself. The letter most cordially invited me to go on board, to receive news of my wife and little son in London. I had already decided to accept this invitation and was on my way to the ship when the thought suddenly occurred to me that I was walking into a trap. I wrote the Captain a letter and begged him to come ashore and lunch with me. I also thanked him for his cordial invitation and assured him that it would give me infinite pleasure to see him and hear from him about my family. The steamer remained in harbour for two more days ; I heard nothing more from the Captain, who was doubtless sorry to have to proceed to Gibraltar without me.

On one of the following days Fock and I went on a climbing expedition among the almost vertical cliffs of the coast. We were almost at the top, only about twelve yards of high rock-wall remained to climb. There were only small fissures, from which one could cling with fingers and toes. Without much reflexion I climbed up the steep wall. When I was half way up, I suddenly found that I could neither go forward nor backward. Then I said to myself :

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"So far you have luckily come through all dangers, and, without any reason, you must incur the foolhardy risk of falling headlong several hundred yards." For a moment a feeling of dizziness came over me. My entire past life flashed before my eyes like a vision. Already my strength was failing me, but the will to live conquered. I looked up, groped with my right hand, while I pressed hard against the rock—then with the left and drew up my leg. After groping above again I encountered loose stones, which fell on my head ; I groped farther to the right, gripped firm stone, and was saved.

My companions, Fock and Müller happily reached Spain.

CHAPTER VI

A SERIOUS DECISION

Now I was standing on the high cliffs. I breathed freely. My muscles ached. I gazed far across the immense surface of the Mediterranean Sea, whence the high wave crests dashed against the continent; dissolving with a loud noise into white foam.

I strained my eyes to the north-east across the sunny waters, in which direction lay my beloved fatherland, for whose fortunes a whole nation was now fighting in a desperate grapple with the foe, and with whom my heart beat in unison. Yes, my people, my home ! I too will serve you with all my power.

In Spain I could have lived an agreeable life until the conclusion of peace ; thence also I might have succeeded with a false passport, in reaching Germany—but could I not do something greater than this for my country ? I knew Morocco intimately, I spoke the language of the country ; I knew the extent of the hostility of whole tribes towards the French power. Here, in this country, was the opportunity to inflict damage on our foe and stop up the sources of the supplies of food and human material which were flowing out of it.

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My resolve, which I had made whilst in Rabat, assumed firm shape now that I had been saved : I would go again into the interior of Morocco ; this time not for peaceful trade, but for a serious campaign. Also I burned to punish the French for their cruelties and falsity.

For many years we German merchants in Morocco had mixed with them upon terms of close friendship, and we had also rendered each other mutual assistance when we were harassed by the Kabyles. The garden parties given by Mr. Gründler in Mazagan were popular among both Englishmen and Frenchmen ; almost every Sunday I myself enjoyed the hospitality of the French Consul. When Casablanca was bombarded by the French fleet in the year 1907, hundreds of members of the warlike tribe of Ued Forsh were encamped in front of Mazagan, with the intention of fighting the French. The Germans had gathered for support in the French hotel, which was in momentary expectation of assault by the enemy. At that time I negotiated personally with the leader of the Kabyles, Hamed el Forshi, in order to dissuade him from such a reckless step. And what was the result of this year-long friendship, ye chivalrous French—when we were arrested at the outbreak of war, you gave us your word of honour that we should be transferred to Spain as civilian prisoners—but what gruesome mockery ! The mask of your friendship fell away ; the most brutal force came to the surface, when you dragged defenceless German merchants, including old men, women and children, to Oran, in order to

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stone, torture and murder them—as you did in Dahomey, where you tortured German merchants with thumbscrews.

I knew that if I were captured again by the French I should forfeit my life ; on the first occasion I had escaped being sentenced to death only because my brother-in-law was the English Consul. But were not thousands sacrificing their lives on the battle fields ? I turned my face to the south, where the Riffian mountains, like a dark wall, were defined with sinister clearness against the sky. I had the eerie feeling that this massive rock was trying to warn me not to tread its hills and fertile valleys, for the possession of which the free and brave Riffian Kabyles had been fighting for centuries. It is this country whose war-tried inhabitants produced the remarkable personality of Abdel Krim in the war against Spain.

Even in the year 1915, it was not easy to protect the posts which were then thrust into the mountains from the two Spanish settlements of Melilla and Ceta : a strip of land which Spain is constrained by religious and national reasons to hold, but the economic importance of which is considerably below that of the coastal district of Casablanca, Mazagan and Mogador on the Atlantic seaboard, with its flat open back country.

True the Riffian territory was unknown to me personally, but I recollected that a German-American named Farr lived there, who could perhaps be useful to me in the execution of my plans. Also I had heard that in the interior the

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influential Sherif, Abdel Malek, was reputed to be active on behalf of the German-Turkish Government ; I must get into touch with him for common action.

I was not sure that I should be able to remain in Melilla itself ; the civil guards had been looking for me for days, in order to pack me off to Spain, at the request of France, who had learned of my presence in Melilla.

But it was not so easy to catch me. It still gives me a feeling of peculiar satisfaction to recall how once disguised as a Jew, I stood near the Spanish captain Aleman, and heard him ask his policeman whether they had not yet found me.

Four weeks after my flight from the prisoners' camp of Sebdou, on the afternoon of the 7th November, 1915, I slipped out of Melilla, disguised as an Arab, without any companion or weapon. My way led at first over the cold, stony mountain of El Gurugu, which is more than 2,800 feet high. When I reached the pass, I looked back and bade farewell to the sea and Melilla. The town with its thousand twinkling lights seemed to be calling me back to civilized life, and I prayed to God, who had hitherto preserved me, for a prosperous issue to my undertaking.

A further stretch of the journey lay in front of me before I could reach French territory. My task was not going to be an easy one. French influence and French gold are far-reaching ; they are even to be found in the country of the fanatical Riffs.

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After one last look at the north, I turned resolutely south. The die was cast !

The Gurugu mountain now lay behind me. In pitch darkness the way led me across the mountain of the Gleia Kabyles, a particularly warlike tribe, which had been at war with Spain only a few years before. The blackness of the night was only pierced here and there by the lights of a native house, at the walls of which the huge mordacious dogs of the inhabitants sniffed at me. In my knee-long Gilabia, with legs bare and wearing canvas shoes, I was able to proceed noiselessly.

When dawn broke I concealed myself behind some old walls, to await the coming night. When the firmament again spread its luminous tent over me, I stretched myself and said : "Lei auni" God help me—and then made ready to start. During this night I must manage to cross the zone that yet remains under European influence : a frontier district, where day and night, in spite of the numerous native police, enemies of Spain and all kinds of predatory vagabonds, as well as members of the free Kabyle tribes, over-run the Spanish outposts. Woe betide the man who falls into the hands of these fanatical people ! He is in for a fight to the death !

It will therefore be appreciated that my solitary night wandering was by no means safe, especially as I carried no weapon. Contrary to all expectations, however, I was able to cover a distance of thirty miles undisturbed.

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By dawn I had passed the Spanish zone ; the mountain was at my back. A fertile plain swallowed me up.

CHAPTER VII

AMONG THE ARABS

I arrived at Sidi Aissa, a district of the Mtalza Kabyles, who are indeed a very warlike tribe, at whose hand many Spanish officers, venturing into this country without knowing the language and customs of the people, had suffered death.

As soon as I reached Sidi Aissa I was surrounded by Arabs, all gesticulating vigorously and holding their guns menacingly in front of my face. They belonged to some forces which the Sherif Shengetti had raised against the Spaniards. These Arabs were also bitter enemies of the French and had engaged in many a fierce struggle with their foes. I stepped calmly into the circle of excited people and told them in their mother tongue that I came as a German and friend of Mohammedans. Thereupon they dropped their menacing attitude and sent me, under the guard of ten natives, to the house of the Sheik, Bu Rhai, where I arrived within half an hour.

Here the Mr. Farr, already referred to, as well as several German foreign legionaries who had fled from the French service, were staying.

How elated I was at the thought that in these compatriots I should find men of like

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minds with my own, who would be willing to join me in sacrificing our lives for our German fatherland ! And how bitterly deceived I was fated to be ! When I entered Mr. Farr's house, the effect was most depressing. Mr. Farr, who had spent very many years in the Spanish service, lay pale and emaciated, like a mummy, on his camp bed. He tried to raise himself, but was too weak to do so. Only a grateful but profoundly sorrowful look flitted across his sunken cheeks, the while words came wearily from his lips. I could see that the man was dying.

But how had all this come about ? He told me that at the outbreak of war he had left Melilla to penetrate into the interior of the country with the same intentions as I cherished. At first he had sailed along the coast westward from Melilla, in order to reach the Beni Said Kabyles, who had not yet been subjugated by Spain. With a force of thirty foreign legionaries he proposed to invade the interior. But these unreliable, cowardly people soon left him in the lurch. Farr's interpreter, Bel Sirrga, became his secret enemy. The interpreter enticed Farr into the interior, so as the more easily to sacrifice him to his cunning plans. Only with the utmost difficulty had Farr managed to escape from all kinds of snares. Once when the Kabyles were attacking his house, he only escaped by hiding under a straw mat.

In only one Arab did Farr place full trust, the Kaid Abdennur, who was subsequently to become my trusted friend also. Bel Sirrga, the son-in-law of the influential sheik, Bu Rhai,

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posed as a friend of Christians and gained Farr's confidence. He persuaded Farr to go with him to see his father-in-law at Sidi Aissa. Here Bel Sirrga pretended he would incite the tribes to war against the French ; but it was all lies and deception.

The cowardly scoundrel had administered to poor Farr on the way a slowly-working poison, from the effects of which he now lay sick unto death.

What was the motive which prompted Bel Sirrga to play such a devilish trick with Farr ? It was the basest instinct of robbery. He hoped after Farr's death to secure possession of his weapons and equipment. Bel Sirrga was francophile.

Hoping yet to be able to assist poor Farr I returned very subdued to the tent which had been placed at my disposal. I tried to sleep; tormenting thoughts continuously disturbed my rest. I had scarcely sunken into a leaden sleep when a loud hubbub awakened me with a start. The first pale shafts of dawn were stealing through the flap of the tent. An old white-bearded Arab entered and informed me that three hundred horsemen belonging to various tribes were waiting to speak with me.

The news of my arrival in the interior had rapidly spread from mouth to mouth.

I purposely kept the impatient fellows waiting an hour and then went out to meet them. My greeting was returned with disapproving murmurs. The men formed themselves into a large circle, into the midst of which I was conducted.

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The leaders of the various tribes then stepped forward and put the following questions to me : Why have you come here ? Do you bring us money, arms and ammunition ? Are you bringing the Spaniards into our country, or are you prepared to fight the Spaniards ?

The hubbub grew louder and louder. From the ranks of the natives surrounding the sheiks threats were shouted at me. Some cried : " Kill the Christian ! " Eventually I succeeded in calming the excited men. I had preserved complete coolness. I explained to them that Germany had no intention of waging war on Spain. Of one thing only I could assure them, that the Germans were friends of the Moham-medans. I counted upon their insight and upon their help in a war against the French. I must make preparations for this campaign, and they would hear from me further. My words met with a mixed reception : some intimated their assent, others cried at intervals : " Leave our country at once. God bless France, who has aided us with money and cartridges." But at last they withdrew. A load rolled from my heart when I had got rid of them.

My next thought was for poor Farr. I found him somewhat better in his camp, so that I was able to discuss his situation without exciting him too much. Here he could not remain. It was clear to him that he could only find relief from his suffering in Melilla. It was arranged that he should depart in the evening, under the care of trustworthy Arabs, in order to reach the port unobserved. A desolating farewell ! I knew

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that I should never see him again. He handed me his weapons and ammunition and then gave me a sorrowful look.

Eight days after his arrival in Melilla he succumbed to the effects of the poison.

Farr had only just gone when his murderer, Bel Sirrga, came to me, in the hope of ensnaring me with flattery and threats. He did not suspect that I had seen through him and knew all about his crime. I made it unmistakably clear to him that I did not want to have anything to do with him, and with a sinister and threatening countenance he departed. I was soon to discover what an enemy I had made of him.

The next morning he suddenly appeared in front of my tent, this time in the company of his father-in-law, the Sheik Bu Rhai. I invited them both to enter. Bel Sirrga demanded under threats three months wages for fifty horsemen, which Farr had promised to pay him. I had no money with me, and told him quite frankly that this was no concern of mine and showed him the door. He went out muttering. I begged Bu Rhai to remain behind. This proud Arab, who was 6 feet 6 inches tall, regarded me mistrustfully, but as I gazed into his eyes calmly and steadily, he took a seat beside me.

If my whole enterprise was not to run the danger of suffering shipwreck at the very outset, I had to exert myself to the utmost to win over to my side this influential and energetic man. I ordered Farr's servants and men, whom I had taken over, to bring tea and refreshments,

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and then began to explain calmly that I had come there in order to incite the tribes to wage war against France. At first he scarcely listened : from his dark, perpetually roving eyes I saw that he was only interested in the interior of my tent, especially in the weapons given me by Farr.

Ever and anon he regarded me like a cat watching a mouse and clicked his tongue as if he wanted to say something. He was a bold, suspicious, violent man, but of glowing patriotism, a genuine son of the free mountains. It was a long time before I succeeded in gaining his confidence, but when I did so his devotion was complete. At first, certainly, his attitude to me was inimical.

The morning following the interview with Bu Rhai I set off to seek the Sherif Shengetti, who was also a very influential man, in order to gain his support as well. I was on the point of riding off when several other Sheiks and Kaids, including Hadi Aumur, as well as his brother-in-law, Bu Rhai, came to ask me for four thousand cartridges. They asserted that a hostile Kabyle tribe was about to march against them. As Farr had left me about eight thousand cartridges, I supplied them with the four thousand they wanted.

I was now anxious to ride away, but the Kaid Hadi Aumar invited me first of all to go with him. He had prepared a meal for me, and he wished to accompany me to the Sheik Shengetti.

I allowed myself to be persuaded and went

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with Hadi Aumar into his house. We had just finished eating and I was about to ride back to my tent when some brisk firing started. I asked the Sheik for a guide to lead me across the unknown plain to Shengetti. My request was refused. It was evident that they were intriguing against me. Indeed, they did not want to see any Christian in the interior of the country.

As I later discovered, the intention was that Hadi Aumar's men should pursue me to Melilla, or bring about my disappearance somehow or other. The idea was that my companions should kill me behind the Spanish posts and then spread the report that I had been shot by the Spaniards.

I rode back to my tent. In the evening it was crowded by natives to such an extent that no room was left for me. I asked Hadi Aumar what was the meaning of this, whereupon I was told that I must immediately return to Melilla. I explained to him that this was completely out of the question to which he retorted with a sneer : "We shall see."

He said that the Kabyles required immediately cannon, guns and ammunition, and if I could not procure these for him, then "Ro—a !" meaning : "It's all up with you !"

A wild hubbub broke out in the tent, during which Hadi Aumar sat on a little dog, which he crushed. More and more Kabyles were flocking around ; it had already grown quite dark when a Beni Bu Jahi of the name of Talbi came to my tent and shouted through the door that I was a Spaniard and traitor .

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The whole position had become extremely critical. I preserved a calm exterior and begged the tribesmen to allow me five minutes in the open to consider the matter, and left the tent. I called Talbi and his horsemen to me, led them some distance away from the camp, and told them they were crazy. It was my intention to ride with them to Tfaeli, in the French zone, and that they should be my confidants. Hadi Aumar wanted to prevent this, a plot was framed against me, Bel Sirrga too was my and their enemy.

My cause was saved, for the Beni Bu Jahi now went at once to Hadi Aumar and demanded that I should remain there, as otherwise they would withdraw their friendship.

Gradually my tent emptied. I detained Hadi Aumar, who was very excited, and invited him to sit down. We discussed politics and his own interests, until I had won him over to my side. I could now sleep in peace ; my presence of mind had saved me.

The next morning I wrote a letter to Abdel Malek in the following terms :

"I solicit a favourable reception from your Sherifian Highness, Sidi Abdel Malek, son of the blessed Abdel Kader. Your Highness may rest assured that I will behave with propriety and always obey your orders. A loaf of bread, a glass of water, a seat beneath a tree, and I shall be satisfied. I hope to be able to carry out all your wishes and will pray God that the Sultanate of Your Sherifian Highness will de-

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liver the country from the enemy. I beg your Highness for a prompt reply."

As yet I was unacquainted with Abdel Malek. I only knew that he was apparently subsidized by Turkey. The same day a messenger conveyed the letter to the Sock el Hād in the Geznea Country, the headquarters of the Sherif.

The following Sunday Bel Sirrga suddenly reappeared, and in harsh tones demanded the trifling sum of one thousand Duros, which he said he desired to give to the chiefs of the tribes. I answered him: "If the chiefs want anything of me, let them come to me themselves," and told him to go to the devil.

In the afternoon he turned up again with four hundred horsemen, who declared they would remain with me if I paid each man a wage of 2 pesetos 50 centimos.

The trick was clear as daylight. I knew exactly what Bel Sirrga was and shouted to the men: "I cannot make use of your offer before the end of 8 days, but after then the great work will begin, when I shall count on your assistance. Inscha—Allah," (if it please God). Only after an animated discussion lasting several hours did I manage to get rid of the crowd.

Day after day I waited hopefully for an answer from Abdel Malek, in order to get away from this unsafe country. Then I learned from a confidential friend that Bel Sirrga had intercepted my letter on its way to Abdel Malek and torn it up. I was besides myself with rage and my first impulse was to thrash the rascal, but

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I kept my temper under control, and with the support of the Kaid Hadi, who had meanwhile become my friend, I despatched a copy of the letter by a more reliable messenger.

One Monday morning as I was sitting in front of my tent I looked up to see hundreds of Kabyles on horse and on foot, armed to the teeth, approaching me. Sharp firing broke out. A few bullets pierced the tent cloth. The tribesmen attempted to rush my tent ; they demanded cartridges of me and shrieked in my face such abusive expressions as "Dog of a Christian" and "Polis espanoli."

I sprang to my feet and called : "First call off your scouts and then I will talk to you !"

Hadi Aumar, who had come to my assistance, ran with his followers towards the excited multitude and restored order.

A number of men were killed and wounded by the firing.

I then despatched to Melilla several foreign legionaries who had been with poor Farr, and afterwards remained with me and arranged with them that I should recall them at a suitable time. One legionary, whose base, unpatriotic attitude I was then unaware of, but whose friendliness with the scoundrelly Bel Sirrga I had already suspected, I cautioned against acting independently without my knowledge. Now I was left alone with my brave young servant, Bu Taher, a Spaniard who had deserted several years before and the fourteen Kebdanese, who were devoted to me and whom I had taken over from Farr, with the Kaid Abdennur as their leader.

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At last the long-anticipated answer arrived from the Sherif Abdel Malek. It consisted of one pregnant word : "Welcome." But I was not yet at my goal. I could not openly venture upon the further journey, as the danger of doing so was too great. Means would have been devised to kill me on the way.

Consequently I resolved to escape secretly from this dangerous zone. I communicated my plan to my faithful Kaid Abdennur and my new friend, Hadi Aumar, and asked for their assistance, which they promised me.

The next night I departed with my faithful servants, ostensibly to pay a visit to Hadi Aumar. I left my followers at this Sheik's house and, accompanied by a trustworthy friend of Hadi Aumar, rode away in the darkness to the house of the latter's brother-in-law, where I was concealed several days and nights. The Kabyles were told that I had fled to Melilla.

Meanwhile Bel Sirrga had told my Kaid Abdennur that I was a spy, and tried to persuade him to desert me. He represented that he had made all arrangements in French with a legionary, who would shortly return from Melilla with a large sum of money, and then they would themselves raise a M'halla, a fighting force. My Kaid pretended to fall in with the proposal, in order to deceive our common enemy, and immediately apprised me of these sinister designs. Now my eyes were opened regarding the legionary.

In order to bear a name which could be more

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easily pronounced by the natives, I had adopted the name of Si Hermann.

The news of my flight to Melilla had spread, with the result that I was at last secure from the attention of the tribes. Thus I was able to leave my hiding place when darkness fell, but I was not yet free to ride away. The Kaid Hadi Aumar was unwilling to let me depart without a fresh proof of his friendship. In his large Chaima, a tent furnished with fine carpets, he gave a farewell banquet in the presence of fifty influential men. We discussed politics and especially the route which I was to take. We swore mutual fealty. Punctually at eleven o'clock Hadi Aumar said : "Lockt däss, leihinick Si Hermann" (the time has come, God be with you).

We set off and were soon swallowed up in the starlit night. Hadi Aumar, accompanied by forty horsemen, conducted me for a considerable distance himself ; then we separated. Full of gratitude I said farewell ; I felt that I had gained a friend upon whom I could depend absolutely in future, a man in whose character was embedded the quality of a despotic Arab, who could be cruel, like his brother-in-law Bu Rhai, who was afraid of nothing and could be as bloodthirsty as a tiger, and on the other hand how much magnanimity, loyalty and benignity were hidden in this great man ! He reminded one of Raisuli or Abdel Krim, men who were feared and respected far and wide.

Escorted by six horsemen, I now went on at a brisk pace, alone with my thoughts and hopes.

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The glorious Arab steed, which Hadi Aumar had given me as a present, could scarcely be bridled. Playfully his small, but firm hooves skimmed the ground. Now and then he reared his fine head and his nostrils snuffed the scented air of the night. This was an auspicious beginning of my new adventure.

On the way I was joined by my friend, Kaid Abdennur, with his men, whose horses had been hidden by the crafty Bel Sirrga.

After a ride lasting several days, during which, thanks to the support of Hadi Aumar, we met everywhere with a hospitable reception among the Arab chiefs, and which led through the highlands and by the green Uasicht river, we reached on a sunny afternoon the heights of Tissi-Taida and descried Abdel Malek's camp on the banks of the Sock el Häd river. In the background, towards the south, the snowcapped mountains of the Atlas glittered in the sun. I had reached my goal.



CHAPTER VIII

WITH ABDEL MALEK

Who was this Moroccan prince, with whom, at the desire of the German Government, which had in the meantime approved my designs, I was to carry out my plans for a campaign against France?

Born of an old Sherifian family in Algiers, the son of Abdel Kader, who was famous for his liberation struggle against the French, he was not only given a thorough grounding in the Koran and its ordinances, but was also, owing to the roving life of his highly-gifted father, brought into contact with European civilization. He had been for several years adjutant to the Sultan in Constantinople. Before the War he had spent ten years in the French service in Tangiers. August, 1914, found him in Paris, and he did not return to Morocco until shortly after the outbreak of the War. Precisely why he was selected, in consequence of German-Turkish arrangements, to be the representative of German interests, remained unknown to me.

Upon my arrival in the Sherif's camp the Arabs flocked out of their tents from all sides, in order to see the German who had ventured

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alone to cross the mountains and penetrate into the heart of the country. Their attitude was not hostile; they greeted me with lively shouts and escorted me to the great tent of the Sherif, which was visible a long way off.

The chiefs of the tribes had assembled in front of the tent. Within a few minutes the Sherif stepped out and bade me welcome in French. I was now face to face with the man into whose hands was given the fulfilment of my plans; his dark eyes rested searchingly on me; his features and his bearing showed authority and dignity. We entered the tent. The Sherif and his chiefs took their seats. Kaïd Hamed Riati, the Sherif's counsellor, pressed with all his strength on my shoulders, to induce me to sit down. Not until a gracious gesture of the Sherif specially invited me there did I seat myself beside him.

The conversation confined itself at the start to the exchange of a number of courteous formalities. Here also was observed the Eastern custom, that a guest must be allowed to recuperate before he is engaged in serious conversation. And this was good, for I had just completed a long and tiring journey. The conversation then turned to the most important topics of war and politics, and I was surprised to find how well informed Abdel Malek was. He seemed really to be friendly towards Germany, although every now and again his roving gaze flashed a gleam I did not understand. However, I had at first every confidence in him.

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I described to him the hopeful situation of Germany and promised him the fullest support of the German Government. I proposed that he should summon the tribes of the country, especially the brave Riata people dwelling in the neighbourhood of Jaza, as well as the warlike Beni Marein, who dwelt on the northern slopes of the Atlas mountains, to engage in a war against France.

The Sherif assented to my proposal, and elated and hopeful I repaired on the first evening after my arrival to the tent assigned to me.

On the very next day I began to carry out my plans. In the presence of the chiefs of the Kabyle tribes both near and far it was resolved to raise a strong fighting force as well as to procure cartridges and rifles. I despatched to the coast a report destined for the German Government. At that time I was blissfully unaware that my reports were intercepted by a criminally-minded legionary, who was subsequently guilty of treason, and put all my heart into my work. Every day was strenuous and full of incidents of every kind. French scare news penetrated into the camp, nor were there wanting intrigues of tribes against me and against each other. The camp was full of enemy spies. I was frequently asked seemingly innocent questions about the War, Germany's policy and the object of my stay. I saw through these people and promptly deceived the spies.

When at length my 14 Kebdenese, through

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the assistance of Hadi Aumar, rode into the camp of the Sherif with horses and rifles, which had been detained at the instigation of the traitor, Bel Sirrga, I was overjoyed. But here, there was very little sympathy, with these faithful fellows, and they were regarded as strangers. Consequently, for almost a month they had to sleep in the open without a closed tent and without covering. For the time being they remained huddled together in two small open tents in the icy coldness of the night. Yet these hardy people never murmured. They always greeted me with joyful and grateful shouts when I visited them in the evening and talked over the prospects of my plans until far into the night. This intimacy led to true comradeship. My men remained loyal to me in life and in death to the very last.

Soon Abdel Malek began to cause me anxiety. In his personal relations he was indeed as amiable and friendly as before, but I divined that he did not seriously intend to give his support. In particular, he allowed himself to be influenced against Germany by his adviser, Si Mohammed Bel Gheti. On one occasion he expressed his apprehension that in the event of a German victory in Europe, Morocco would become a German possession. His dream, however, was to establish an independent Morocco under his leadership.

Consequently, he often remained inactive and in his actions suspicious. He also prohibited Arabs from coming to my tent to obtain news

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about the War, and threatened fines or beating for disregard of this edict.

He took a particular dislike to Abdennur and my faithful Kebdenese. He did not yet venture to behave towards me in a harsh or hostile manner; rather he looked to me for personal support. He was still a foreigner among the tribes and by no means generally recognized. He had arrived at his present camp only a few months before my arrival. His journey from the coast into the interior of the country had resembled a flight. He had been captured by the Riffian Kabyles, from whose clutches he had not been liberated without considerable trouble. During his progress among the war-like tribe of the L'Mtalza he would have been nearly murdered, if he had not been saved by a number of influential Sheiks. But this man, who had formerly been in the French service, was not trusted. Only his high rank as the descendant of a noble Sherifian family secured for him the influence he had already gained over a number of tribes. He did not venture to break with me, because I enjoyed the protection of the same Sheik, to whom he owed his life and his existence.

I was very perturbed at the absence of any news from the German Government—the reasons are known. Nevertheless, I went on with my work undismayed.

Malek's fighting force consisted at first of an insignificant "Machsen," which found its chief support in 300 quarrelsome Riata tribesmen under the leadership of Kaid Asus.

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The speedy augmentation of this little force must be one of my first tasks. So one night I rode to the influential Hadi Hamāda, although I was aware that he had recently been with Lyautey in Rabet.

He received me with the words: "Ah, you are the German Si Hermann, what do you want of me? Aren't you afraid of me?" Looking hard at him I made reply: "No, I come to you as a friend and hope you will also be my friend." To this he made answer: "Sit down and tell me what you have in view." I explained to him quite frankly what my plans were and emphasized that Abdel Malek was on my side. He retorted irritably: "Hang the Sherif! He does not enjoy our confidence. We are sick of his everlasting threats and insults and do not want him to be Sherif."

I observed how signally Abdel Malek had failed to win the trust of these free men. His methods might very well have been appropriate in peace times, but not now, when the French were trying with promises, money and false news to attract the Arabs to them by every possible means. If the Sherif had openly declared for war against France with the whole force of his personality, the whole of the tribes from the south of the Riffian mountains to the northern slopes of the Great Atlas would have flocked to his standard and French rule in Morocco would have been doomed.

But as Abdel Malek either would not or could not brace himself to any decision, I

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succeeded in gaining a new friend in Hadi Hamāda.

One day I went to Abdel Malek, intending to put an end to his hesitations. I gave the Sherif an account of the victorious progress of the Germans on all fronts and told him that the collapse of the Allies was being daily expected, while we were wasting our time here drinking tea instead of acting. What was above all required for our cause was a comprehensive propaganda. I know that before my arrival he had received from German sources propaganda placards, upon which the victories of the Germans were recorded. I also knew that the Sherif had allowed them to remain in his tent, because—as he said—the Arabs would have been only mildly interested in German successes. Now I took the work of propaganda in my own hands, and we got a move on. Every day we received fresh recruits for our fighting force.

One day the Sherif asked me if I had circulated the thousands of new fly sheets in the market places, in the mosques, and especially among the warlike tribe of the Beni Uarein—without his sanction. I begged him to excuse the omission of this formality. Whereupon he asserted that the fly sheets were all nonsense and would have the most disastrous consequences! Inwardly I rejoiced over my success. From near and far, even from the remotest tribes continuous requests were reaching me for these bills.

My position was now consolidated, and under

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the pressure of influential sheiks Abdel Malek could no longer remain inactive, however strange and enigmatic his attitude. Was he secretly a friend of France—despite German-Turkish support ?

CHAPTER IX

AT THE ENEMY

At length I managed to convince Abdel Malek of the necessity of military action. Although in view of the strong position of the French, who had made the town of Taza their base, whence they had pushed forward fortified posts to the northward-lying heights, we could not expect at present to achieve a complete success—our fighting force of 1200 warriors was far too weak—it behoved us above all to show the tribes that henceforth we were resolved to embark upon the campaign. The first shot would flash through the country like a signal and shake the laggards out of their lethargy. Then the tribes would have to decide on which side they desired to fight. It was a bold venture, as the French had equipped the tribes subservient to them with modern rifles and abundant ammunition, while they themselves had new rifles, machine guns and cannon. Their forces composed of Senegal negroes, foreign legionaries, Algerians and Continental troops, while making a pretty picture, were in truth a powerful army. Against it our people had many old rifles, including muzzle-loaders, and bad ammunition.

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Nevertheless I was jubilant enough when the war dance began at the end of November, 1915. What was the country like in which we were going to measure our strength with the enemy?

Our camp was pitched at the foot of a high mountain, which was inhabited by the Geznea tribe, in the fertile lowland of a river, which flows eastwards into the main river of the district, the Ued Uasicht. To the south lay mountainous country, which found its highest elevation in two summits of the Bu M'Herris and the towering peak of Shashorr. From these mountain cones the country falls away in easy terraces until it reaches the broad valley of the river Taza. While the valleys are intensively cultivated, only isolated patches of dwarf oaks are to be found on the heights and mountain slopes. In the river valleys are a number of small townships, whose inhabitants are engaged in husbandry. To the west the little river Meknassa divides the territories of the two tribes of Brannes and Uled Becker. A bold reconnaissance in a south-westerly direction against the francophile tribe of Uled Becker involved us in little loss, but the fighting spirit of the people was aroused.

When we returned to camp on the evening after this reconnaissance, passions were inflamed. Every tribesman alleged he had performed a deed of valour and accomplished more than the others, so that my ears were deafened with a hubbub of quarrelling, laughter and elation.



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With this little attack we had fallen into an hornet's nest.

From spies we learned that a prompt attack by the French and the tribes subservient to them was to be expected. At this prospect the people of the Geznea Kabyle, the least warlike of all the tribes, were somewhat apprehensive. They feared that a life and death struggle would develop and trembled for their native heath. In view of the imminent conflict reinforcements were urgently necessary.

Messengers were sent to all parts of the extensive territory, to implore the assistance of the friendly tribes, and hundreds of warriors came hurrying into camp. Among them were many questionable figures, whom prospects of pay and loot rather than the lust of battle had impelled to take up arms.

Our camp and the surrounding mountains, which were dotted with various other camps, now presented an extremely picturesque appearance. It was also a scene of wild confusion. Every chief considered his plan to be the best, and wanted to wage the war in his own fashion. It was no easy work to persuade these people, who were unaccustomed to subordination, to take common action, but the enemy himself brought this about. He found us united on the occasion of our first victory. We had learnt that the French were on the march from a south-westerly direction. Immediately we broke up camp at dawn. Our cavalry rode off in several columns across the highlands in the

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direction of the Brannes Kabyle towards the enemy. On the east bank of the Meknassa river the Berbers dismounted and waded through the cold water. We had reached the height of Ain Sela on the west bank when at about five o'clock in the morning the first shots of the French artillery from the heights to the west fell in our ranks. Enemy firing now rapidly developed, including sniping from natives on the mountains about 850 yards in front of us. The battle had begun. The enemy artillery inflicted little damage on our people. Herein was revealed the innate, military nature of the Arab, who was expert in utilizing every stone and every piece of uneven ground for cover. The firing of the hostile tribes of Uled Becker and Brannes was extremely animated, as, in contrast to our people, they were equipped with modern rifles and abundantly supplied with ammunition. We, on the other hand, were obliged to economise with ammunition, to take precise aim at targets and to shoot in leisurely fashion.

The enemy gained little ground, and when night fell, we were still in our old position.

The violent cannonade had attracted reinforcements to both sides. The influx of a further thousand men from the Mtalza Kabyles brought us the desired aid. When dawn broke the battle flared up again with renewed violence. The losses increased and a shortage of ammunition became perceptible. After we had stood our ground through the second day, we were compelled, in the evening, to evacuate our

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most advanced position and withdraw about 550 yards to the height overlooking the west bank of the river.

There was considerable danger that the enemy would force us across the river. Then came salvation. The tribe of Uled Buryma, which had hitherto preserved a neutral attitude, came over to us and sent us reinforcements from a south-easterly direction, and, from the north too we were promised support from the war-seasoned tribes of Beni Tusin and Beni Said.

We were therefore in the best of spirits when we entered upon the third day of the battle. I sent instructions to the advancing reinforcements to encircle the enemy from north and south, while our forces would continue the battle on the front we had hitherto maintained. The plan succeeded. Checked in front and menaced on both flanks the enemy was obliged after about three hours fighting, to retreat from his positions with great speed. We were soon back in our first position.

Jubilation of as wild and fanatical a character as only a barbarous people is capable of manifesting, swept through the ranks of our people. Rifles were waved above our battle-heated heads, and shouts of "Allah, Allah," rent the air.

Owing to shortage of ammunition we were, unfortunately, unable to pursue the retiring foe! But victory was achieved! Not only did it inspire our own people, but the news of this success rang through Morocco and pene-

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trated even to Paris, where the new danger was recognised.

In our camp everybody was in a good humour. Even Abdel Malek was satisfied with the result. During the days following the fight I left him almost entirely alone and devoted myself to the care of the wounded and intercourse with the chiefs of the various tribes. They placed confidence in me and now regarded my cause as their own. As a friend I went through the various camps; and was very frequently greeted with acclamations. At one stroke I had become their leader. Messengers from all the Kabyles both near and far came to obtain information as well as to congratulate us: my tent resembled a dovecot. There was scarcely room to turn round in it, as every scrap of free space was filled with the necessary spares, and especially with cartridges and bandages. The latter certainly only consisted of torn pieces of shirt and hose.

One evening I visited the Sherif, whom I found particularly good-humoured. We discussed everything under the sun, including the war. He told me about his heroic father, his youth spent in Algiers and his visits to Constantinople and Paris. In particular, he gave me some glimpses into the doctrines of Islam, which he warmly defended. This evening he came closer to me as a man than ever before, and thereafter I hoped to have him quite on my side.

What with the monotonous chant of the Riata tribesmen, which broke the stillness of the

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night; the perpetual cries of the guards and sentries: "Mind the horses," the snorting and feeding of the animals, my excited nerves were unable to quieten down. I thought of my home, my family, and my own situation. Now and then I heard the muffled roar of cannon a long way off, which to my delight testified that the Riata tribes living in the neighbourhood of Taza were engaged in conflict with the French.

Just before 4 o'clock in the morning I awoke my devoted servant, Bu Taher, who quickly jumped from his bed and obtained a light from the sentry, in order to kindle the wood fuel in the little Arab stove. Soon the tea was steaming, and animal spirits were quickly restored. Even before it was quite light, I heard the monotonous prayers of the people gathered in a mosque constructed of tents, while the Muezzin called the faithful from their sleep to prayer.

The sun rose triumphantly above the cold, rocky mountain; its first rays lighting the roofs of the tents and the white vestments of the tribesmen hastening to their horses, their most valuable property, and gladdening the hearts of men.

CHAPTER X

SETBACKS AND DISAPPOINTMENT

DURING the succeeding days Abdel Malek was inspired by a great eagerness to accomplish great feats, most unusual with him. He proposed to lead a sudden attack on the hosts of Win Bu Kelahl lying to the south west on the heights of the Uled Becker Kabyles, to give us possession of the cannon we so badly needed.

Our forces were to be increased by further Kabyle recruits. With the onset of night great fires were lighted on the highest mountain tops of the neighbourhood. Soon columns of fire were rising everywhere on the summits, to intimate that the signs had been seen and understood. Warriors flocked in from all directions, and soon our forces were increased to 3,000 horsemen.

The attack was planned to take place in the night, and special rewards were held out as an incentive to deeds of bravery. Hand grenades—at least home-made ones, were also served out. Great enthusiasm reigned in the camp, but also great bustle. The plan of attack was quite openly discussed. Completely unconcerned, Abdel Malek revealed the aims and

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details of the plan, and himself gave the order to attack the post from three sides.

Was it surprising that the enemy received early advice of this foolish project? With every means in my power I tried to induce the Sherif to desist from this hopeless beginning. The posts thrust out from Taza towards the heights were well fortified, encircled with trenches and barbed wire, and provided with the most modern means of war, with machine guns and quick-firing guns.

My serious warning was disregarded.

After common prayers the forces detailed for the enterprise rode away in a south-westerly direction at the onset of darkness. A monotonous chant broke out among the ranks of the horsemen. They had just passed the village of Djebarna, situated in the valley, when the first shells from the heights on the side struck the column. They came from the Uled Becker Kabyles, who were on the side of France. The singing ceased; the business was now serious.

The column split and proceeded to climb the height by different paths. Noiselessly they slipped past the French post of Ain Droh in the south. The horsemen dismounted in the little valley north-east of the Ain Bu Kelahl post, preparatory to climbing the height upon which was established the post we intended to surprise.

Then the dark night was illumined by a sheet of bright flame, and the fiery throats of the French machine guns and cannons belched forth their deadly missiles with impetuous

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haste, I was in the foremost row with my faithful Abdennur and the brave leader, Kaid Asus, when uttering a short scream a Beni Snasse close behind me fell to the ground with a smashed skull. Left and right of us were heard the moans of the wounded. A frontal attack on the French post was manifestly impossible. We attempted to surround it. A number of men got as far as the barbed wire, but the French garrison was only too well organized for defence. The attack had failed.

I looked around for the men of the Gezneaia Kabyles, who, on Abdel Malek's orders, were supposed to be advancing from the north. They had abandoned the field when the first shot was fired and were retreating in disorder. It would have been madness to continue the attack. I gave the order to retreat, for it was still dark and possible to withdraw without excessive loss. I dragged away with me the bravest of the men, my Kaid Abdennur, who was stoutly refusing to return, as one of his brothers lay severely wounded in the barbed wire. Luckily we reached our horses and rode back to the camp, where the other men also re-assembled in the morning. Great excitement reigned. Everybody blamed everybody else, but the chief reproaches were deserved not by the brave, simple men, but by the Sherif, Abdel Malek, who had prompted this enterprise and calmly remained behind in his tent whilst it was in progress.

The failure at first had a paralysing effect upon the spirits of the men; and I too was

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discouraged. It was now perfectly clear to me that my plan to drive the French out of Morocco, or at least to prevent the transport of warriors from this country to the European theatre of war, would not succeed if I relied on Abdel Malek. At all costs I must continually keep the enemy in constant expectation of renewed attacks, in order to lock up his forces. Indeed, success was now extremely improbable unless I received the most comprehensive support from Germany and Abdel Malek was got rid of.

But I was promptly disappointed in this respect, and I almost resolved to abandon my activity in the interior of the country. I had also to contend with the knavery of the foreign legionary, who, in conjunction with Bel Sirrga, worked against the execution of my plans in the most shameful manner.

As I have already mentioned, when I sent him to Melilla I gave him strict injunctions to undertake nothing before I recalled him. Now one day Abdel Malek called me into his tent, in which Asus, the cavalry leader, as well as other chiefs of the tribes of the Riata people, were assembled.

The Sherif, with ironic laughter, showed me letters of Bel Sirrga and the legionary, to the effect that both these rascals intended to go to Riata, in order themselves to organise a M'halla there. They had also sent a number of valuable presents to the chiefs of the Riata tribes. It was, of course, all a fraud. The nefarious activities of these people had to be promptly

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stopped. The Sherif was justly incensed and urged me to scotch these irregularities immediately, as otherwise he could not guarantee anything. He also feared that something might happen in Riata contrary to his wishes.

It is to be noted that the intention expressed in the letters of stirring up against France, the tribes in Riata and the Beni Uarein Kabyles at the foot of the Atlas was identical with the proposal I had made immediately after my arrival in the Sherif's camp.

Clearly my plan had been appropriated by my enemies and exploited, in order to extract money from the German Government. In reality, these rogues had no intention whatever of going to Riata. Again I proposed to the Sherif that he should quickly but unobtrusively adopt this old plan.

We had discovered that among the French troops were several thousand German foreign legionaries, a large number of whom, it was not too much to suppose, would fight on our side in a general rising of the tribes. Immediately I wrote the German Government an enlightening report, designed to frustrate the activities of the legionary and Bel Sirrga. How could the latter be working for Germany? His father was in the service of the French at Taza, his brother was active at a French post, and all this could not, of course, remain unknown among the Riata tribesmen.

I stayed sitting with Abdel Malek until late in the night and, using all my powers of argument, strove to convince him that my plan

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was the right one. But the Sherif remained obdurate. One reason for his hesitation was indeed to be sought in the fact that the tribes in question had once driven him away and refused to recognise him. I told him that he ought to defer his vengeance for this perfidy until he himself became Sultan. At length Abdel seemed to acquiesce, but the next morning he sent me word that he had rejected the plan because it was worthless.

I sought him out, and after a long discussion prevailed upon him to send four emissaries to Riata in order to establish contact with the tribes.

The conduct of the legionary caused me the gravest anxiety. It now transpired that by intercepting and altering my reports he had managed to obtain the confidence of the German Government, and had received its approval for the formation of a fighting force against France. In reality the money given him for this purpose had been squandered and found its way into the pockets of his Arab accomplices. Moreover, the connection with Germany had fallen into the hands of a man whose ignorance of Moroccan conditions made him utterly unsuitable for this position.

Suddenly the rumour arose that the legionary had been seen near the Spanish posts in the interior of the country, but this news was happily false. He had been confused with two German foreign legionaries who had fled thither.

As it was essential for me to clear up the

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situation, I despatched a fresh report by two routes to the coast, one copy by a messenger and the other by my faithful Abdennur, who was also instructed to bring the legionary back with him to our camp.

Just now the Sherif seemed to me utterly unreliable, the more so as I learned that his relatives, particularly his family living at Tetuan, had received lavish offers from the French, and that they were urging him to break with me.

A new enemy in the confidence of the Sherif now arose against me in the person of Bel Gheti, who quite openly opposed me and the German interests, in the presence of the Riata tribesmen in the camp. He told them: "Germany already owns large African colonies and wants to annex the whole of Morocco. In doing so Germany would exercise no discrimination and would certainly take their oil forests and lands from the Riata people."

Abdennur did not succeed in bringing the legionary back to the camp. Instead he had to report that the latter had already made his way to Bel Sirrga at the camp of Bu Rhai, in order to resume his fraudulent activities. When this news reached me, I was near desperation. What would happen now? My entire plan, which had begun so successfully, was in jeopardy, and my position with the Sherif, who was only half-heartedly on our side, would be weakened. I heard that the legionary, in conjunction with Bel Sirrga, had

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convoked popular meetings, which he had incited against me. How little serious he was about the organization of a fighting levy is shown by the impracticable and at the time absurd project of marching with the Riffs through hundreds of miles of foreign territory in order to attack the French!

The unholy activity of my personal enemies was soon to show itself: two of my messengers were murdered while another was set upon and plundered. Bel Sirrga intercepted my letters, tore them up or delayed them fourteen days in transit.

Whereas the Sherif paid his men 1.25 pesetas per day, Bel Sirrga gave his smaller number of men double. This of course became quickly known among our men, who were justly discontented. Consequently a revolt broke out one night in our camp but we managed to pacify the men.

I was prepared to resign my position in Abdel Malek's camp, and to proceed south alone to the Beni Uarein, even without the support of the German Government, and of this resolve I informed Germany. I received an answer to the effect that for diplomatic reasons, I must remain unconditionally with the Sherif. So I stayed.

One day I received a letter from a German doctor and his companion, who had been staying at Tetuan in the interior since September, 1915, expressing the intention of joining me. My delight may be imagined at the prospect of having these two compatriots with me.

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Above all I was encouraged by the hope of medical assistance. Apart from my other comprehensive activities, I was then single-handedly nursing 40 wounded men under the most difficult conditions.

Upon the renewed request of these two gentlemen for assistance to enable them to come to me as quickly as possible, I tried to gain Abdel Malek's help. To this end I sent all the slightly wounded men, accompanied by some influential chiefs, to request the Sherif for medical assistance. Further, I intimated to the Sherif that in future, owing to other pressing duties, I could no longer personally look after any of the wounded. Not receiving any answer from the Sherif, I went to him and earnestly entreated him to comply with my request. Eventually he gave me his promise, which he did not keep.

While I was considering ways and means of fetching the two Germans without Malek's assistance, I received news that they could not come on account of illness. As a matter of fact, however, the Sherif, as he subsequently admitted to me himself, had taken steps, through a friendly Kaid, to prevent them coming. Thus a new ray of hope for me was extinguished.

January, 1916, arrived. We had been victorious in several minor fights with weaker French detachments, when news came that we should have to reckon with the advance of a strong French column from Taza in the south. These tidings did not ring precisely like music

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in my ears. Owing to the intrigues of Bel Sirrga, discontent had again appeared in the ranks. Neither were we strong enough nor sufficiently equipped to resist successfully a strong attack of the enemy. However, this fight would be better than inactivity and division in our camp, which would certainly have led to disaster. I despatched Abdennur to the warlike tribe of the Ben Bu Jahi, who had promised me, in case of need, to hasten to my assistance from Tfaeli.

On the 20th January, 1916, the Riata tribesmen brought me in a French sergeant who had been taken prisoner and who confirmed to me that a French column was all in readiness to advance. To protect this man from the fury of the tribesmen, who wanted to kill him, I sent him down to the coast disguised, under the protection of Abdennur's men. Three more German runaways from the French foreign legion were also brought to me. I was in doubt whether I should keep them, as they were very questionable figures, adventurers and unreliable. Moreover, I encountered opposition from Abdel Malek, who feared that, in the event of a further influx of legionaries, I might be able to create a bodyguard. However, although he forbade me to keep them because, as he thought, his reputation as Sherif would suffer through the presence of a number of infidels in the camp, I disregarded his orders.

A collision with the French forces advancing from Taza was to be anticipated on the 27th January, and we had reason to suppose that

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hostile forces were on the move from the direction of Fez in the west.

Native soldiers from the Riata Kabyles were now arriving daily ; they had, however, for the most part old rifles of the most various sorts and very few cartridges. We ourselves had a stock of only 15,000 cartridges. In the camp there were about 40 modern rifles ; the others were bad chassepots and muzzle-loaders. Consequently each of our thousand men received only about 5 to 10 cartridges. The remainder I kept back for the time being.

The enemy was on the march.

At midnight on the 26th January we broke camp and, under the supreme command of Kaid Asus, moved away in several columns to meet the French. At the same time the Kabyle tribes friendly to us advanced over the surrounding heights.

Daybreak found me, in company with Abdel Malek, riding to the fight through the low-lying village of Djebaina, after I had instructed my servant, Bu Taher to take charge of my personal effects. Here, too, I left behind the three German foreign legionaries.

We had scarcely passed the village in question when the sharp clang of the first cannon ball was heard.

Soon afterwards a brisk rifle fire opened from the south-westerly direction, as well as the cracking of machine guns. We had ridden for barely a quarter of an hour when the first shell exploded with a loud crash about 15 yards to the side of our path. Our horses

SETBACKS AND DISAPPOINTMENT

reared and plunged ; Gheti, Malek's confidential adviser, said to the Sherif : " It is unsafe to-day." More shells exploded around us. The air was rent with howling, whistling and singing, which urged us onwards. Soon afterwards we met the first wounded, and with them were a number of unwounded men.

Abdel Malek wanted to force the latter to return, but they disregarded his orders, and ran on, crying that they had no more cartridges.

Towards 7 o'clock in the morning I had with Abdel Malek reached the heights south of the village of Djedbarna. I greeted the Geznea Kabyles, who were holding the ridge. Attached to them were my brave Kebdanese who, after having lain under fire from the French guns, which were visible on the opposite ridge, were starting to advance.

The Sherif wanted to despatch a messenger to the Kebdanese, ordering them to make a stand. The men shouted to the rider to avoid a ravine in their immediate neighbourhood. He paid no attention. As he reached the ravine his horse was torn away by a shell.

The fight became more serious. I saw a shell explode in the ranks of the Geznea tribesmen, and six men, dead and wounded, rolled down the slope. The French were advancing in heavy force from three sides. The artillery and machine guns were raking our lines with a devastating fire. The country at our back was also under fire, in order to catch advancing reinforcements and to confuse the fugitives who were visible here and there.

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The Sherif suddenly disappeared from my side, and soon afterwards I saw him riding away among the fugitives. Abdennur shouted across to me : " We must go back, our cartridges are all gone ! " Sheer desperation gripped me. For the time being I remained where I was, because a number of the tribesmen lying near me attempted to make a stand. I saw the enemy coming nearer, and when I looked backward, hoping that some assistance might be coming from that quarter, I saw the Kabyles at the foot of the mountain retreating in full flight.

I was considering what I had better do, as I had only five cartridges myself, when the first dum-dum bullets expanded on the ground. The Mtalza tribesmen, whom I had never really trusted, seeing the unfavourable turn the fight was taking, now suddenly turned against my own people and against myself. I sprang behind the height to mount my horse. At this moment shrapnel burst right over us. I was half in the stirrup when my horse, a glorious creature, upon whom I had covered so many miles and who was usually as quiet as a lamb, reared up sharply. When I got into the saddle, he took the bit between his teeth and, like one chased by furies, bolted along the ridge towards the French. I had already given myself up for lost when, at the last moment, I threw my Ssilhemm (Arab hood) over his head and thus brought him to a standstill. My companion, Si Hamoat, who had ridden after me, adjusted the bridle under heavy gun-fire ;

SETBACKS AND DISAPPOINTMENT

this done we both galloped down the mountain side to the camp. I had escaped death or capture by a miracle.

As we approached the foot of the mountain we found that French soldiers had already entered the valley. Lowering our heads we galloped along the river bank, past the village of Djbarna which was now burning in bright flames.

Before us we saw men, women and children fleeing with their belongings, as well as natives carrying away with them the wounded and fallen. I overtook Abdel Malek, who asked me to ride to the camp to put the dynamite cartridges there in a place of safety. He himself rode off to the left towards the mountain, in haste to escape from the danger zone.

We, Hamoat and I, reached the camp, which presented a terrible sight after the bombardment. The wounded from earlier engagements were still lying to the left of the camp against a mountain wall; the slightly wounded had already dragged themselves away. In spite of the continuous artillery fire, I made for my tent and hastily collected all my important papers. I deliberately left German newspapers lying about, so that the German legionaries in the French column should see what things looked like in Germany.

The three foreign legionaries, whom I had left behind in the camp with my servant, Bu Taher, had departed with the fugitives. They had, however, left two mules standing :

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I was, therefore, able to load them with my belongings.

The Kabyles, assisted by my Kebdanese, dismantled my tent and packed up the various pieces of equipment. Only one half of Abdel Malek's tent subsequently fell into the enemy's hands ; the other half having been destroyed by a shell.

Our men were still making a stand at the camp entrance facing the enemy, in order to cover the removal of the camp. Here fell the brave son of the Sheik Hadi Barkesh, a man who was utterly loyal to me. Sheik Uld Abo kept shouting : " A duro for a cartridge ! " When the last cartridge had been fired, our brave men retired to the north and the French took possession of the ruins of our camp.

We suffered a serious blow through the loss of our leader, the Kaid Asus, who was severely wounded in the thigh and died of his wounds a month later in Riata. With better treatment he would certainly have been saved, but, owing to the timidity of the Sherif, we had no doctor. Many brave Riata tribesmen had fallen. Of my own 14 men, two were dead and four wounded.

After riding away from the camp, I found my servant, Bu Taher, who had concealed himself in the mountains and guarded a portion of my property. Then I had to look for the legionaries whom eventually I met far in the mountains among the fugitive Arabs. They had given up their rifles. I took them to Mrobbtehn, 10 miles away from Sock el Tnehn.

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My own position was decidedly uncomfortable, as all the way I was encountering resentful men. It was with extreme difficulty that I was able to protect the legionaries from the fury of the people.

Fortunately, on the way to Mrobbtehn I met the Sheik Hamed Ben Amar, who was friendly towards me, and who sent forward the legionaries under the protection of his men. He himself rode some way back with me, in order to ascertain the whereabouts of the French. We halted some two miles from the camp, where we saw the French engaged in burning the old mats and chainas we had left behind.

Farther south by the river the enemy had carelessly erected a large camp. Ah ! if only we had had cartridges, how eagerly we would have disturbed their repose. But reluctantly we were compelled to retire and make our way to the valley of the river Uled Shanja in the north, to the Kaid Mohosh, whither Abdel Malek had also just arrived with my Kebdanese. I strove to present a cheerful countenance and said, in Mohammedan fashion, to the Sherif and the other men : " God be praised ! Peace be with you ! It is fate ! "

After accommodation had been prepared for the men and the horses given a feed, we sat down to tea. I dared not let any hint appear of my despondency, but my heart was heavy as lead. I mourned the loss of many brave men ; I also lamented the unlucky upshot of the day, but for all that I had made up my mind to continue the course on which I had already

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embarked. I realized only too well that it would be impossible to win a brilliant victory ; the distribution of forces and armaments was too unequal. Already the enemy had command of over 20,000 men, including Kabyles, supported by artillery and machine guns ; moreover from the direction of Fez 4,000 men were on the march, and had pressed back our weak flank supports after two days' stout resistance. My whole activity here resolved itself into this : to strive—by continually provoking revolts to keep the French on tenterhooks and lock up their forces in Morocco.

Dead tired I betook myself to my tent and during the night prepared a new report to the German Government, in which I described the situation and urged that my relations with Abdel Malek should be broken off and that I might be allowed to raise a fighting force among the Beni Uarein. I referred again to the base conduct of the Legionary and Sirrga.

The next day we pitched our camp 8 miles southward toward Bu Hadud. The French had desisted from further pursuit. Our most urgent task now was to collect our scattered men and increase our forces. Through the influence of the Sheik Sidi Hadi Mohammed Bu Jedain, who was on terms of friendship with me, the whole of the French Rif was favourably disposed towards our enterprise, and we now received strong reinforcements from all sides.

CHAPTER XI

QUARREL WITH ABDEL MALEK

DETERMINED to call the Legionary to account for his base handiwork, I summoned him to a conference at a neutral spot, the district of the Sheik Bu Jedain. Here I waited for him but in vain. Instead, a messenger brought me a letter written in the Sherif's own hand, curtly directing me "to ride home quietly, as the Kabyles would no longer tolerate me in their country." I replied to Abdel Malek very politely that early next morning I should arrive at his camp; the Kabyles could then decide in my presence whether they still wanted to retain me or not.

The Sherif's first letter was followed by a second, in which he threatened me that he would order my tent to be demolished, if I did not immediately return to him in camp. I thereupon wrote him, still politely, that, as I had already informed him, I should arrive the next morning, but if he himself wanted to come during the night to demolish my tent he was very welcome. I would give him and his men a sufficiently warm reception.

An incident occurred this evening which nearly cost me my life, had not my servant, Bu

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Taher, saved me by pure chance. In addition to letters through secret messengers I had received from Melilla three small boxes of preserved butter. My servant was playing with one of the boxes and in doing so removed the label attached to the bottom, when to his surprise he saw that the bottom was perforated. He brought me the two other boxes and in my presence removed their labels. Behold! These bottoms were also perforated. We took a tiny portion of the butter, spread it on a piece of bread, which we threw to a dog, which was seized with convulsions and died immediately after eating it. Clearly enough, the intention had been to poison me. To whom I was indebted for this friendly thought I was, unfortunately, left in ignorance. I guessed that it was the same cowardly murderer to whom poor Farr had fallen victim.

The next morning I rode, as announced, accompanied by three of my men, to Bu Habud, the Sherif's new camp. On my arrival I met with a very hostile reception. The surrounding heights were packed with men. Not a sound was to be heard, and even the horses seemed to sniff disaster in the air. In the camp itself about 2,000 Arabs were assembled, who had broken up into various groups.

Immediately after my arrival I was summoned by Abdel Malek. My men preceded me, in order to cleave a path for me, which the murmuring multitude reluctantly granted. I apprehended no good and had therefore

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fastened on my revolver, which I concealed under the ssilhemm.

About fifty men were standing in front of Malek's tent as a guard. Behind his tent I noticed iron chains were lying; they were doubtless intended to shackle me and my men. With the well-known Arab greeting on my lips I entered the Sherif's tent. Without making any response, Abdel Malek arose and inquired: "What were you doing with Bu Jedain?"

I looked at him steadily and replied: "Why do you ask? You know perfectly well that the sole object of my visit was my business with the Legionary."

He made no answer to this, and I then handed him a letter from Bu Jedain. He scanned it and then said curtly: "Deposit a million and see that you make yourself scarce."

I retorted: "You demand impossibilities and have no right to demand them. I have remained loyal to you and served your interests."

The Sherif then turned to the natives and referred to me as "the dog of a Christian." During the rest of the interview Malek became more and more excited and kept repeating that I should not be allowed to leave the camp before I had deposited a million. I sprang to my feet with the words: "Cursed be all sons of sin!" turned my back on the Sherif, lifted up my cloak as if I feared to be contaminated, and left the tent.

The Sherif called after me and ordered his men to fetch the Sheiks Hamed ben Amar and

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Si Hamed Berkan. He looked around him and discovered that the whole of the surrounding mountains was occupied by men. The tribes were only waiting to embark upon a general massacre and plundering.

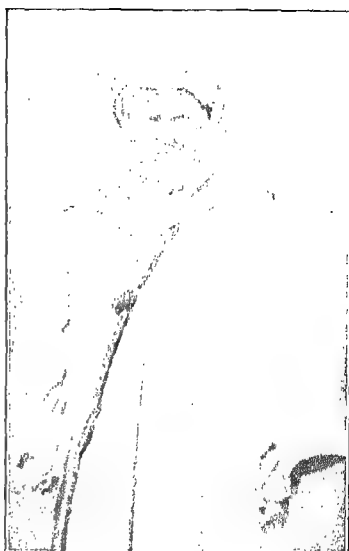
I had hardly reached my tent for a cup of tea, when Malek's servant appeared and said that the Riata tribesmen wanted to speak to me. I went out. Under a great tent, which contained about 150 people, we seated ourselves. I sat on the Sherif's right hand; on his left were Si Mohammed Nuri, a Turk, as well as my enemy Ghetti; otherwise none but Riata tribesmen was in the tent.

In front of the tent were stationed about 500 Berbers. A most uncanny stillness reigned. Nobody spoke a word; everybody seemed to have a presentiment of coming disaster. At length Malek rose and, pointing to himself, said in jocular vein: "Here am I, the Sherif," then ironically pointing to me: "There the German el Sid Hermann Nehb Alemania, 'Germany's representative,' and there Si Mohammed Nuri-Turki. Tell me, ye Riata men, do you want a Christian in the camp to lead you against the French?"

Abdel Malek deliberately emphasised the word "Christian," hoping to create a prejudice against me at the outset. There was a short silence, and then a Riata tribesman stood up and exclaimed: "Yes, my Lord, if it be your will." Whereupon I at once replied: "God be thanked! God bless thee, my Lord, Abdel Malek!"



BU RHAI



BU SSORRA



DIFFERENCE WITH ABDEL MALEK

I noticed how the Sherif's features altered after these words; he changed colour and darted a baleful look at the Riata tribesman.

It had come to my knowledge that on the evening before the present meeting Abdel Malek had spoken with the men and urged them in no case to permit the raising of a force in the Riata.

I had to act swiftly. I therefore stood up and made the following speech: "Riata! You know who I am and what I want. No, not you alone, but all Mohammedans in Morocco know that I am only remaining here to help you. I am here to tell you that the hour of your deliverance has struck; that all Kabyles must now stand together and march as one man against the French. I do not want to quarrel with you, nor do I want you, who are all brothers, to quarrel with each other. Rely on it, I will send no Christian to Riata. Here in the camp and among you over yonder are enough chiefs of repute to raise a M'halla among you. Abdel Malek will gladly appoint a sherif, who will lead you, with Allah's help, against the French. Thus only will the Mohammedan Kingdom be delivered from the Christian. If you do not want me, I will ride to the coast this very evening." I knew that it was now a matter of life and death both for my person and my cause.

I stood in the midst of the multitude and spoke so loudly that I could be heard in the whole M'halla.

From the attitude and murmuring of the men

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I divined that they supported me, so that even the men who had been bribed by Malek were powerless to do anything.

Then the Kaid Bu Ssorra stood up. Here was a man who had told me only a fortnight before that he would go with me or any other German named by me to Riata and who then owed his life to my intervention. Yet under Malek's influence he cried with his eyes on the Sherif: "Even if you so order, my Lord, we will not obey, but if you order us to shoot Si Hermann, we will do so immediately."

This treachery tried me too far. Such a vulgar intrigue on the part of Abdel Malek I could not tolerate a moment longer.

I stood up and shouted: "Klebb! Shmait! Chidain!" (Dog! Coward! Cheat!)

Scarcely had I uttered these words in a state of most violent excitement than I saw the Sherif leaving the tent.

Soon horses were galloping through the M'halla, and shouts of "Gla! Gla!" (Get ready) re-echoed on all sides.

I ran through the midst of the crowd to my tent. A few shots were fired.

The Sherif attempted to flee with his followers, but was compelled at the point of the rifle to remain. He saw that he had been found out: his own intrigues had brought about his downfall. He returned to his tent, a shattered man. His game was up. He still tried to play the gentleman, and soon afterwards sent me 2,000 Duros of obsolete Hafidi money. I went over

DIFFERENCE WITH ABDEL MALEK

to him, returned the money, and said to him :
"I am here to help you, but if I am in your way, I will take my departure in an hour."

The Sherif did not answer me, but dismissed me with a protesting gesture.

I now resolved to ride away in the evening, to leave Abdel Malek and proceed to the coast, as after what had happened all attempts at mediation seemed to be hopeless.

Towards two o'clock in the afternoon Abdennur returned from his journey to the coast. I related to him the discussions with Abdel Malek, whereupon he tried to change the Sherif's disposition, but without success.

I learned that it was Malek's original intention to flee at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, but he must have realized that this would have meant his certain death. I sent him a message that I was going to Germany, and that I would help him from thence.

I asked a number of Kabyle chiefs to remain with the Sherif.

When I rode away I found 40 Riata tribesmen ready to escort me. The remaining tribes, which had learned of my journey, accompanied me a good stretch of the way. I myself rode in pouring rain, escorted by my Kerdanese and a number of Riata tribesmen, at first to the Chauja, where I found accommodation in a house with Kaid Mohosh.

CHAPTER XII

TO MELILLA AND BACK

I HAD set out from Melilla with such high hopes ; everything had shaped so well, and now was the whole scheme to collapse through the treachery of a German foreign legionary and the hostile attitude of Abdel Malek ?

This must not be ! And so I resolved, first of all to ride to the port, in order to render the criminal harmless and get into touch with the German Government.

My men, who were no longer safe among the natives, I left behind me in the hut of the friendly sheik, Sidi Bu Jedain. Only Abdennur and five of his tribesmen accompanied me.

I failed in my endeavour to arrange a personal interview with the foreign legionary, whom I had ordered to come to La Babda, but who still remained in the house of Bu Rhai.

Just as I was on the point of leaving this place, the house in which I was staying was surrounded by 300 horsemen, who were hurling at me every conceivable threat and insult. I was surprised, but highly delighted, when I perceived among them my friend, Kaid Hadi Aumar. I divined immediately that he had hastened to my protection.

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He came to me in the house and hastily informed me that these men had been stirred up and sent there by Abdel Malek, either to kill me or chase me out of the country, "I was the disturber of the peace, who wanted to overthrow Islam by bringing the French into the country."

Other chiefs of the tribes entered the house, but I drove them out, exclaiming: "I would rather die here than have any dealings with traitors!"

The murmuring of the men grew louder. I had no alternative but to go out and endeavour to pacify them. A circle immediately formed around me. The francophile leader of the men, who had been bribed by Abdel Malek, immediately accused me of being solely responsible for the destruction of the Sherif's camp and the scattering of its forces.

They invited me to send for my horsemen, whom I had left behind at Bu Jedain's, with the object, of course, of seizing their horses and weapons.

To this I pretended to agree, and sent my Abdennur back to them, with the secret instruction not to come thence, but to await me with my men at a definite place within eight or ten days.

Now I was left alone amidst the excited crowd. Hadi Aumar, the great diplomat, said that I was his guest and must go home with him, in order to negotiate with the Rifis.

Still encircled by the crowd we rode away.

This three-hours ride was a real torture to

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me. I wracked my brains to discover a way out, but could not find one.

On reaching Hadi Aumar's house I feigned to be an enemy of the Kaid. I refused to eat with him. He got up and went out, and I heard him temporising with the men, who soon afterwards departed.

Immediately they retired the Kaid returned to me, greeted me cordially and invited me to be his guest as long as I liked. He asked me laughingly if I would like to see Bel Sirrga's M'halla; it was so small that it could easily find room in Bu Rhai's house.

I thanked Hadi Aumar for his hospitality, and begged him to lend me four guides for the rest of my journey, with whom I could slip through the chains of Spanish posts to Melilla.

In the evening I set off, accompanied by these guides, as well as by three of my men who had overtaken me.

Our way led through the country of the war-like Mtalza, who were under the influence of Bu Rhai. After riding for a quarter of an hour we completely lost our way in the darkness.

This district lying immediately in front of the Spanish posts was infested by robbers and "fighters for freedom" of every kind. Especially dangerous was the plain of the Beni Bu Jahi Kabyle. It was an uncanny ride. I was armed with nothing but a revolver, while my companions carried their rifles with them.

I was tired to death and my nerves were completely worn out with the excitements of

TO MELILLA AND BACK

the past few weeks. My companions preceded me on foot, while I followed on horseback. Suddenly there was a loud cry: "Qui en vive?"

In the darkness we had stumbled upon a Spanish post. When I was challenged, I thought in the first confusion that I was confronted by a French guard. I called across: "We are Hadi Aumar's men on our way to the Spanish General Aipuru on urgent business." They, however, recognized me as a European by my voice and shouted to me: "You are either Europeans or Mtalza bandits. Don't any of you move! Beware if any of you move until daylight. Forty rifles are covering you!"

When nevertheless I started to dismount, the cry rang out: "Keep your saddle, or we shoot!" I asked to be permitted to dismount, which I was allowed to do. Instead, however, of re-mounting my horse, I let my servant take my place, and then, covered by the nag, crept on all fours straight across the field.

When I had got far enough away from the post, I struck again in the direction of Melilla. After tramping for three quarters of an hour, to my surprise I was overtaken by my own men. They had been allowed to proceed, being suspect, with the order to report themselves at the next Spanish post on the road.

Great was our delight. We knew now how we had to circumvent the other Spanish posts, which we succeeded in doing. Shortly before four o'clock in the morning we arrived safe and

FIGHTING THE FRENCH IN MOROCCO

sound at the Spanish railway station of Sengangen, where we laid our tired bodies down to sleep on the stones.

At this point I left my companions and horses behind.

After a short rest I made my way, completely disguised as an Arab, into the station buffet, to wait for the train which left at 8 o'clock for Melilla. Allah was kind. Without being in any way molested, I travelled by rail to the port, but I passed through hours of acute apprehension. I must on no account be discovered, or I would have become a Spanish prisoner, and all my further plans would have gone by the board.

Seemingly I played the part of an Arab with skill, which is not surprising in view of the fact that I had lived among these people for months, far from all civilization.

I now cabled direct to the German Government, and explained the unfortunate situation which had arisen, with the result that the legionary received instructions to return to the coast immediately. But ten days after receiving this summons he was still located in the same place and still attempting to continue his ambiguous game.

From the German Government I received directions to return to Abdel Malek and try my luck with him again. How hard it was for me to carry out these instructions can only be conceived by those who, placed in a similar position, have been deceived for an equally long time.

TO MELILLA AND BACK

So one afternoon I again left Melilla, which was so strictly watched by the Spanish police, and disguised as an Arab proceeded through the municipal park to the railway station, in order to travel back to Sengangen. On my way to the station I noticed that I was being watched by two *Guardias civil*. I, therefore, decided to leave the train at an earlier station, and to send a messenger to Sengangen with instructions to bring my men and horses, who had been left behind there, to the station at which I intended to alight. This intention I duly carried out, and, in order to escape further observation, I went straight into the mosque opposite the railway station.

On my entrance people bowed low before me and kissed my burnous, mistaking me for a sherif. I did not remove this misconception from their minds, but as the homage made me feel extremely uncomfortable, I seized the first favourable opportunity to leave the mosque.

Thank God a heavy rain had set in, which screened me from the glances of the curious. I now crept away from the street and sat down behind a fig hedge, about 400 yards behind the mosque, where I awaited my men. After crouching here for about an hour I saw the expected men coming along the road which led from Sengangen.

In a trice we were in the saddle and galloping at full speed towards the mountains.

In the Sengangen district we were stopped by several Spanish officers with "a donde?" "Where are you going?" I rode ahead and

FIGHTING THE FRENCH IN MOROCCO

left my men to give the officers the pre-arranged answer, that we were making for the Spanish post of Tikermin. The officers assumed we were native police and let us pass.

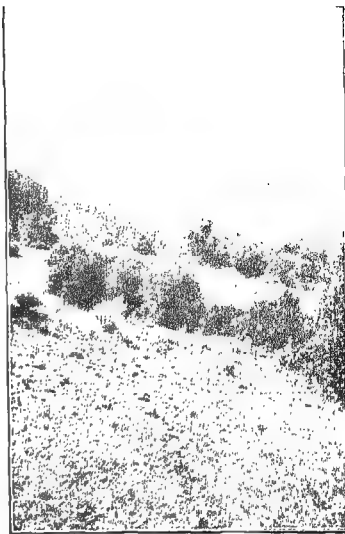
Now we should have darkness and a free road before us. With loaded carbines we kept a sharp look-out. In the terrible rain the horses slithered along the sodden ground as if on soap. My servant, Mulai Hamed, who was on foot and holding on to my horse's tail, was several times thrown on his back.

By midnight we had passed all the Spanish posts. An hour later we reached the narrow river El Kert, which had now become a swollen torrent. From the other bank we suddenly heard the cry: "Duhr al Chel!" (Take heed of the horses!) We perceived the cry came from natives belonging to the forces of a sherif in the pay of France, who was known by the name of the long-haired and who fought against the Spaniards.

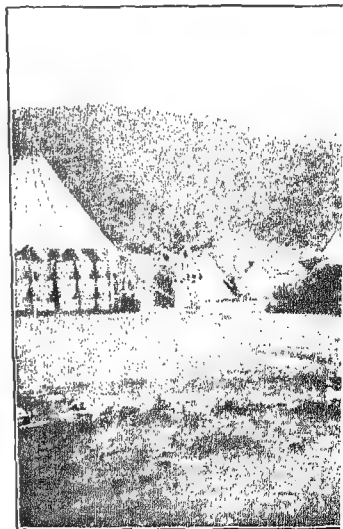
We had no mind to have any dealings with these foolhardy fellows, and therefore made a wide detour, and forded the river at another place.

The crossing was very difficult. First Ben Ali plunged into the stream and was almost carried away by the current. Then Mulai Hamed managed, by holding on to my horse, to reach a ledge of rock. In its fright my horse clambered up this slippery rock, slid back, and I was flung back into the water.

We shook off the water, which was in itself



SHANJA COUNTRY



ABDEL MALEK'S FIELD KITCHEN AND TENT

TO MELILLA AND BACK

an unnecessary proceeding in the pouring rain, and could not help laughing heartily at the little mishap.

Now we were able to proceed along a good road at full trot, past the district of La Babda, where we took a short rest, to our friend, the Sheik Bu Jedain, whose house we reached shortly after 6 o'clock.

The Sheik received us with cordiality and immediately produced dry clothing, and while I was pulling the cold, dripping garments from my limbs, the samovar was steaming.

Then my men, whom I had left behind here weeks before, made their appearance and beamed with joy at seeing me again. I learned from Bu Jedain during the meal that the Sherif Abdel Malek had left his former camp at Bu Hadud and fled to the mountains of Karoan, in order to put himself under the protection of the Sheik Hadi Barkesh.

We then discussed how I could most quickly reach the Sherif. The direct route through the great market of El Tlett had to be avoided, as all the tribes were hostile towards Malek after his flight. I should certainly have been detained here and prevented from proceeding farther.

The whole country, like that through which I had just passed, was densely peopled and many tribes had been bribed by French money and propaganda. I decided to reach my goal by a roundabout road.

In the evening I set out. It was a terrible night. Bad weather raged with storm and rain

FIGHTING THE FRENCH IN MOROCCO

as if we were approaching the last day, but this circumstance favoured our secret journey.

By almost impassable paths over mountains, across rivers, through knee-deep water for miles we rode on. The storm was so violent as almost to drag me off my horse. Abdennur led the way, then came I, and behind me was Bu Jedains's brother-in-law, who in spite of the vile weather accompanied me in most friendly fashion.

We came to the narrow mountain pass of Agibba diel Kadi ; the verges of the road had been washed away by the rain and heaped up in the centre of the path so that we could make no headway. We made a detour and toiled painfully up the mountain, only to slide down the slope on the other side, in constant danger of being trampled on by the horses which were following behind us.

Our state can be imagined. At daybreak we reached the house of the Sheik Abslam Karoan. The Sherif Abdel Malek was in a house about 300 yards away.

CHAPTER XIII

WITH THE SHERIF ONCE MORE

AFTER I had rested a little and breakfasted with the Sheik Karoan, I sent Abdel Malek an intimation of my arrival, and at about ten o'clock in the morning went across to see him. How would I find this proud man, who had so recently dreamed of a great Moroccan empire under his leadership !

Apart from my enemy Bel Gheti and the Turk Nuri, there were only 15 Riata men with him, mostly stable boys, who were all delighted to see me. Matters had gone badly enough with them during my absence.

All his former flatterers and sycophants had left the Sherif in the Bu Hadud camp, taking with them his horses and rifles and stealing his maps and papers. The night after my departure Abdel Malek had ordered two men whom he had suspected of stealing his papers to be cruelly flogged.

Now he knew what it was to be a prey to anxiety and had secretly ridden away from the camp hoping to find protection with Kaid Mohosh in the Shauja. But there, too, he had met with bad treatment, so that he had eventually made for Karoan.

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I found the Sherif ill. Bel Gheti, who was trying to persuade him to depart, because he was in perpetual fear of the Kabyles, sat there frequently in a state of tearful despair.

The Sherif and I greeted each other with outward calm, but I saw from his baleful look how furious he really felt at seeing me in front of him again. I spoke to him about the unfortunate happenings, said how much I regretted them and enquired as to his wishes, which I hoped to be able to fulfil. I told him further that I would ask my Government to send another German in my stead. To this he curtly replied in a resigned tone, "Ah! the others are perhaps worse than you."

He invited me to take a cup of tea. Then I took leave of him and said that I would not detain him any longer that day.

To the Riata tribesmen who were waiting for me in front of the door, I explained that the Sherif was ill and therefore I would not discuss matters with him any further until the following morning. At this the men were perplexed and feared that I should depart again. They therefore slaughtered a wether as a sacrifice, so as to reconcile me with the Sherif, according to the old Arab custom.

In the meantime Bel Sirrga had been intriguing against me again and, after the news had spread like wildfire through the country that I was again in the interior, he used the money he had obtained by false pretences to incite several tribes not only against me but also

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against the distinguished Sheik, my friend Bu Jedain.

The latter informed me by courier that the Geznea Kabyles would in no case consent to a reunion with Abdel Malek. Moreover he sent me a letter from Bel Sirrga, in which Bu Jedain was called upon to arrange for my men, with their horses and weapons, to be delivered up to the tribes. The letter was pompously signed "Sherif Sidi, Abdel Kader, Bel Sirrga," beneath which was a German-Turkish stamp.

It was high time for me to intervene in this chaos. As nothing was to be done with Abdel Malek, and accompanied by several other sheiks and my constantly loyal companion, Abdennur, I rode as speedily as possible to Bu Jedain, where we arrived in the late evening and found accommodation for the night in a mosque.

The next morning Bu Jedain told me how detested Abdel Malek had made himself among the tribes, and also that he had failed to keep his word to Bu Jedain in a private matter. He went on to say that only isolated tribes would be prepared to rally to the support of the Sherif again and asked me bluntly why we were still backing the Sherif at all.

While these discussions were proceeding I became overwhelmed by such a wave of misery that I escaped into the next room, threw myself on the mats and laid there in a state of semi-consciousness.

When I came to myself again, the Sheik Hamed Ben Amar, a true friend who was able to enter into my feelings, was sitting beside

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me with a sorrowful countenance. I roused myself, and went across to the other men to discuss preparations for another break through to the coast, as it was now imperative to take energetic measures.

Then a letter arrived from the German Government, which bluntly stated that I should be brought before a court martial if I did not again unite with Abdel Malek. Such news came like a thunderclap !

How misdirected our German Government was that it could utter such a threat towards me, who was ready to serve the Fatherland with my whole heart and the last ounce of my strength and who had already done battle with the French in most unfavourable conditions, gladly risking life and limb ! The German Government was aware that Abdel Malek had undertaken nothing against the French from the beginning of the war to the day of my arrival. Instead of investing me at the start of my activity with plenary powers, it preferred to trust a swindler and his abettors ! For their part, the French recognised the great danger they ran from a general rising of the tribes in the interior. At the outbreak of war it had been their intention to evacuate the interior and only to hold the coast. That this intention was not carried out was only due to the energy of General Lyauty who persuaded his government to wait and see how the situation developed.

The German Government ought to have followed a generous policy from the outset ;

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it was hardly possible to do anything with petty measures and especially with slender resources and unsupported by modern weapons and ammunition. The French Commander Lyauty went to Paris and was granted hundreds of millions towards the carrying out of his task.

It was imperative that I should be heard and the attachment to the insecure and unimportant Abdel Malek be broken once for all. I was quite definite about this and resolved to make another break through to Melilla.

Accompanied by several Sheiks and a number of Kabyles I rode off at 10 o'clock in the evening in complete darkness.

Abdennur and I were armed with carbines, a Kebdanese who accompanied us with a Mauser pistol.

When we were in the heart of a great forest, a dozen bandits suddenly appeared on our right and on our left, and pointed their rifles at us. I rode my horse into the midst of the band and cried out to them "Aren't you ashamed of yourselves, you sons of sin! We are living under the protection of Bu Jedain and you fall on us like vagabonds!"

The bandits reported that they had come to our assistance, as 70 horsemen were lying in wait for us on our further journey. In reality the fellows had their eyes only on our money, our weapons and our horses. It seemed as if they were in league with two of the Kabyles who were accompanying us.

We then promptly rode off, and veered to the west, in order to escape from the forest

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into the open. Abdennur suddenly exclaimed : " Spur the horses," and we galloped onward, my Kaid leading.

I turned round to our men and noticed that one of them was missing ; the pursuing bandits having captured him. We could not leave this man in the lurch.

I called Abdennur back ; then we turned round and again rode straight at the bandits. As we approached them, several rifle barrels were pointed at me ; and one of the fellows seized my horse's bridle. I snatched the pistol out of the hand of the Kabyle who was riding near me, thrust it in the bandit's face and yelled at him : " Leave go, you dog, or I'll shoot you ! " Whereupon he at once dropped the bridle and fell back several steps.

In all calmness I then inquired of the fellows what they really wanted of us. They demanded 1,000 duros, but I could only give them 20, which did not satisfy them.

The situation was extremely dangerous, as more Riffis from the neighbourhood might appear at any moment during our noisy altercation.

Luckily I remembered that I had in my possession several newspaper cuttings, which I scattered among the men, exclaiming : " Here are your duros ! "

The ruse was successful. Believing these slips of paper were really money, the bandits fell on them greedily, and while they were groping for them in the darkness, on all fours, we made off as quickly as we could. The

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bandits did in fact pursue us, but could not overtake us. For some time we could hear their loud curses, and then there was silence.

What an adventure! One of these bandits subsequently became one of my traders, and was never tired of offering thanks to Allah for sparing him from shooting me. He told me that he had pointed his rifle, loaded with a new brass cartridge, at me from a distance of no more than 5 or 6 yards.

At daybreak we forded the river El Kert and once more found ourselves in Spanish territory. We had already sent back the Riffians who had accompanied us.

We concealed our carbines under our Ssilhemms and at eight o'clock in the morning rode in to the railway station of Nador, where Abdennur stabled our horses and hid our weapons.

Abdennur and I paced up and down the platform for half an hour, then entered the train, and reached Melilla unobserved. The date was the end of February, 1916, and it was the second time that I had returned to the coast.

Here I learned that the swindling legionary had forsaken his abode with Bu Rhai and had fled to the Spaniards, after he had previously thrown away his weapons. Now at last I need fear his activity no longer. In what sort of adventurer German confidence had been reposed may be gathered from the fact that this man was subsequently condemned to penal servitude by a Leipzig Court Martial for

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espionage in the French service. I would add that I did not accuse him.

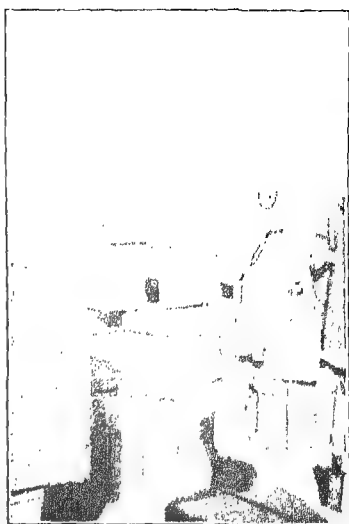
In reply to my proposal that I should proceed alone to the Beni Uarien on the northern slopes of the Atlas, in order to raise a fighting force against the French there without the aid of Abdel Malek, I received a letter from the German Government forbidding me to put this plan into execution. I was to remain at Melilla until a reconciliation with Abdel Malek had been effected through Tetuan, where the Sherif's family was residing.

Thereupon I proposed another influential Sherif with whom I should like to co-operate in the Beni Uarein district, but this proposition was flatly refused.

Such a rejection of my suggestions utterly mystified me. I alone was acquainted with the Beni Uarein, warlike tribes among whom the influence of French propaganda and French money had not yet made itself felt. I knew how they hated the French. In a fight with these tribes soon after the outbreak of war, the French had lost over 1,000 men and 6 guns within two hours, and had been obliged to retreat with many thousand losses.

I was no stranger to the Beni Uarein tribe. They themselves hoped that I should be coming to them, and had continually urged me to do so. Their original letters were filed in the German archives. But at the behest of my superiors, I had to discourage their advances, and all on account of Abdel Malek!

It would, of course, have been quite easy for



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me to have the Sherif removed, but I did not want to have an assassination on my conscience. Moreover, it would have been bad politics. It would have made an end to my influence over the tribes, which was founded in the first place upon a consistently frank and honest behaviour. It was only by utter veracity that I had been able to gain any confidence in the country.

One morning Abdennur came to me with the news that all our horses had been stolen during the night and our men had set off in pursuit to the boundary river Muluya. In the evening, however, he reported to me that the men had been able to recover the horses while still in Spanish territory.

The robbers had been despatched by French Agents, who wanted to earn the credit of bringing to them the horses of the detested Si Hermann.

At this time I was also advised of a communication which had been addressed from the French Post Sidi Berkan to Abdennur and from which it transpired that he had promised to assassinate me. These clumsy intrigues against my loyal Kaid were too absurd ; I had tested him too often and knew that he would sooner lay hands upon himself than betray me.

I handed him this note accompanied by the assurance of my absolute confidence ; henceforth he was if possible more devoted to me. Despite all my remonstrances, my precise account of the actual situation, and despite the numerous Kabyle protests which I submitted, I was

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obliged, by order of the German Government, once more to make my way to Abdel Malek, who was eating out his heart with rage in Karoan, because he found that he was paralysed by his own intrigues and could not achieve anything without me.

The crafty Malek knew exactly what he was doing when he complied with the request to be reconciled with me. By this act he averted the danger of being supplanted by another sherif, while it still remained in his power to paralyse any successful activity on my part.

To defeat his intention in this respect was the object of all my endeavours. This alone was the motive which prompted me to resume my activities by his side.

It was in the beginning of May, 1916, when one evening I set out for the last time on a journey into the interior. I drove in a cab to the suburbs of Melilla, whence I slipped away into the open country towards the mountain of El Surugu, where after some calling and whistling I found two of our trusted men. Without loss of time I disguised myself as an Arab and then rode on the same mule with an Arab with whom I was acquainted to the latter's house.

I now realised that I was confronted with a very difficult task, as it was certainly not easy to regain the confidence of the Kabyles after the events of the last few months. I continued my journey on foot and towards dawn reached the familiar El Kert river. It was extraordinarily difficult for me to ford this

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river. The Spaniards had, as I learned, received information of my return to the coast and were exerting all their efforts to catch me. The most important passages across the frontiers of their sphere of influence were watched by them, and they had already detained several caravans which were proceeding into the interior upon the chance of finding me with them disguised as an Arab.

At first I remained hidden for two days in a tiny room in a house belonging to a trustworthy man. Even my host's servants were not allowed to know anything of my presence. The time was utilized to explore the possibilities of crossing the river and ascertain the dispositions of the Spanish posts.

When this had been done, we decided to break through during the night.

I threw a pedlar's sack across my shoulders, concealed my Mauser pistol and left the house as a Beni-Said Arab, that is as a member of the tribe dwelling on the opposite bank of the river.

A troop of native police came in sight and at a distance of less than five yards passed me and my companion as we were hiding behind a rock. We were also lucky enough to dodge the Spanish posts and reach the banks of the El Kert river, upon whose opposite shore were the posts of Beni Said, which were hostile to the Spaniards.

We had already got into touch with them. The river was wide, but shallow, and only reached to our knees as we waded across. Just

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as we were in the middle of the river we were hailed by men who had been sent there by my friend the Sheik Si Amar Saidi. Mistrustful and covering us with their rifles, they approached, but when they recognised me, greeted us in their dignified way with the words "El Hamdullah, Allah-slemmtik." (God be praised ! Peace be with you !)

By nine o'clock in the morning we were again with our old and loyal friend, Bu Jedain, who greeted us in the most cordial fashion.

Abdel Malek had already sent messengers to make inquiries about me, as rumours of my assassination were in circulation.

In Bu Jedain's house I recuperated after my journey, then came another night ride, and I was once again in Karoan with the Sherif.

CHAPTER XIV

NEW WORK—NEW ANXIETIES

My arrival was hailed with general delight.

The Sherif came some distance to meet me and praised Allah for leading me safely thus far. He told me how anxious he had been on my account and what a gloomy time he had passed through.

How gladly would I once have believed his protestations of joy, but this time I was not affected at all. I had gone through too much with him, and knew how fickle he could be in his "Sultan's humour." Looking him straight in the face, I said: "We have made mistakes, Sherif! Let us start afresh and try to be better." He answered: "As God wills."

Great was my delight when shortly afterwards Abdennur, who had ridden after me with my men and horses, also arrived. He bestowed an affectionate embrace upon me. And this man was supposed to have cherished murderous designs against me? Ridiculous!

During the period immediately succeeding life flowed smoothly enough, probably because an unbearable heat prevails in Karoan, which lies in a deep valley enclosed by high mountains, in the summer months.

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The inhabitants—the Djebālas—who have only an imperfect command of the Arabian language, showed themselves little inclined for military service. They live mainly by agriculture—their territory is very fertile in parts—as well as by the cultivation of fine fruits : figs, oranges, grapes, which are sold dried under the name “Swihb.” Peace and order under the influential Sheik prevailed in this land—a veritable Tusculan for us.

But we were not sojourning here to indulge in siestas. Abdel Malek sat in his house and dreamed anew of a great Mohammedan kingdom under his rule. Perhaps promises to this effect had been made him in German or Turkish quarters. As the occupant of this exalted position he wanted to be independent ; and in this respect a German victory appeared to him to hold out dangerous possibilities. He once said that even if he could conquer Morocco with German support, the country would become German and not a free and independent kingdom, and he did not want to be the vassal of another, as Sultan Muley Jusuf was the vassal of General Lyautey.

When I was drinking tea with the Sherif in the early morning, he would often say : “ Better not be a Sultan at all than a Tetuan Sultan.”

In the attempt to create again an immediate support, the Sherif started to drill a number of horsemen together with my Kebdanese, but after three days stopped these proceedings, as the Djebāla natives regarded this training with

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hostility. As, however, it was essential for us to assemble a strong fighting force—else my stay with Abdel Malek was bereft of all meaning—I had to prevail upon the Sherif to shift the scene of his M'halla more in the direction of the enemy. Here among this population devoted to peaceful pursuits it was impossible to do anything to prosecute the war. But at the outset I had no luck with Abdel Malek; moreover, the phenomenal heat during the months of May and June damped the spirit of enterprise.

Our sole diversion was the reception of many emissaries from the tribes, who implored us to advance once again and arm ourselves afresh for the combat.

Numerous spies also enlisted. One day there came Ushdi, the old servant of my murdered compatriot Farr, who asked Malek to accept him as a horseman. At the same time a native appeared with a large pot of butter, which he wanted to give me as a present.

Ushdi, who saw the man coming, told me that he was a comrade of Bel Sirga's and probably implicated in the poisoning of Farr. I took the man with me to the Sherif, who, to the general amusement of the bystanders, compelled him to eat the butter in front of us. As he could not finish it alone, his son, who had come with me, was forced to assist his father. We never saw either the man or his offspring again.

The Sherif himself was obliged to admit that something must be done, and yielding

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to my constant entreaties, he decided one day to set out on a ride of reconnaissance to select a new camp.

We embarked upon what proved to be a very long ride through difficult mountain country in stifling heat, at the end of which the Sherif's horse collapsed of sheer exhaustion, but in spite of our exertions we sat together in the evening and chatted. The Sherif was particularly friendly and accommodating. These were hours when one could have liked him, had it been possible to exclude politics from the conversation. On such occasions he would frequently be in what seemed a magnanimous mood. Also, when he was in good spirits he would relate in a very happy way some of the adventures of his childhood, which had quite a fabulous air about them. Thus, he told me that once when he was ten years old he was hunting with some of his playmates, and was suddenly surprised by waylayers. Just at this moment he had hit a dozen ducks with one shot, and he cried to the bandits: "I'll bring you down too if you don't clear off quickly." And, in fact, the robbers did take to their heels forthwith.

On another occasion, according to his own story, when he was riding in full chase he threw ten oranges into the air and shot them away one after another, whereupon a number of vagrants who had been trying to catch him made off as fast as they could.

Further, he told me that when a boy he owned a horse which was unsurpassable in

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swiftness. Mounted on this steed he overtook a gazelle which had had three miles start and which he then chased until the creature collapsed exhausted, when he carried her home on his horse.

I have mentioned these stories, which recall the narratives of Baron Munchausen, as they throw some light upon the Sherif's character. By no means a bad man, he was of childlike disposition, but extraordinarily suspicious and excessively egotistical. Moreover, he lived too much upon his father's fame.

At the end of June our camp was at last pitched further south towards the Shauja, not far from the house of the well-known Sheik Mohosh. Here life moved at a brisker pace. Preparations went rapidly ahead for raising a new fighting force. My old Spanish servant, Bu Taher, who had remained in the interior during my absence, married a native at this time, for reasons of safety. Every week he brought me his home-made cartridges, and it was not long now before dealers were coming in from all sides, offering me cartridges and rifles.

The chiefs of the Kabyles also offered their services again, so that our force increased day by day, but very little could be attempted in the month of June. It was terribly hot, in addition to its being Ramadan, the fasting month of the Mohammedans. The tents were full of flies ; several scorpions visited us each night, and added to this the fast put any serious activity out of the question. Every-

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body was waiting each day for the disappearance of the sun and the call of the evening, when each man at once hastened to the mosque, to repeat his prayers. But the crafty ones concealed themselves on a hill, behind which the sun had already sunk, to drink avidly the water of which they had been long deprived or to eat a dilla—a water melon.

In the evening I found prepared for me in my tent the appetising Ramadan soup, and as soon as the Muezzin opened his mouth to summon to evening prayer, I sipped the steaming contents in company with my faithful scribe Si Hamed and the little Abdel Kader. Afterwards I went to take a meal with the Sherif and count with him the remaining days of Ramadan. During this month we had to exercise great caution with the natives, especially with those who were accustomed to smoke, as smoking is prohibited during the fast month.

Already in 1915 I had given instructions to all Kabyles to bring to me any European who should fall among them. On one of the last days of the month of July, a number of legionaries were brought in to me. All except one turned out to be ill, and as I could not make use of their services, they were sent down to the coast. The exception was a legionary named Paul Vogt, who remained with me. In him I found an intensely patriotic German, who always proved himself to be a brave and untiring man.

He at once set about the work of making mines and grenades out of French blank

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cartridges, shell cases and preserve boxes, which Jewish traders brought into the camp.

It appeared to me to be of the utmost importance again to set on foot a very vigorous propaganda against the French. For this purpose I sent the legionary Vogt with a party of reliable men to Riata, in the Taza neighbourhood, providing them with 2,000 leaflets and war reports, which they were to distribute during their nocturnal rides through French territory in the villages and mosques, as well as among the tribes of the Riata and the Beni Marein.

In addition, I had given Vogt a linen banner eight yards long bearing the inscription in German: "Germany is coming! Victory is ours! Si Hermann." The banner also bore in the Arab language an invitation to the natives to join Abdel Malek. Large letters a foot long and visible a long way off were placed on the banner. The brave Vogt rode in the night close by the walls of the city of Taza and affixed the banner in a position where it could be seen to the best advantage, so that our summons was known the next day among the legionaries and natives.

The following day, however, the French removed the banner. The German legionaries would have needed only ten minutes to flee during the night, and they would certainly have succeeded in getting away, as outside the town the position of the French amongst the Riata tribesmen was very insecure. But no German came; on the contrary I was to have

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thousands of them against me in all the engagements that were to come.

After an absence of fourteen days Vogt returned from his propaganda excursion with the joyful tidings that he had destroyed the railway bridge at Bu Ladjeraf, as well as the telegraph wires.

Early in July, 1916, my loyal friend, Sidi Bu Jedain visited us with many chiefs of the Riffian Kabyles, to congratulate us on the re-organization of our forces and to promise us their utmost co-operation. This support was very valuable, as it covered the rear of our front which was pointed south against the French and moreover secured the road for messengers to our secret chancellery on the coast.

That brave Sheik Bu Jedain himself offered to go to Riata, where one of his brothers possessed great influence. He also sent him letters of recommendation for me. But I was tied to Abdel Malek, who would have nothing to do with raising a fighting force in the Riata.

While the Sherif was one day engaged on a ride of reconnaissance, our camp was visited by a terrible hailstorm, which swept the tents away in a few minutes. Just then I happened to be in Malek's tent and pushed with all my might against some heavy cases which the storm was pressing into the tent, threatening to pull it down, but which at the same time protected me against hailstones as large as pigeon's eggs.

A torrent eight inches deep suddenly rushed

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over the floor of the tent, carried away my shoes, and to the great chagrin of Abdel Malek's servant melted away the entire store of sugar.

When the Sherif returned, he had the greatest difficulty in crossing a rushing stream which had arisen on the edge of the camp. Many of the horses had broken loose and were plunging around the camp, everywhere vainly seeking shelter from the inclemency of the weather.

After the storm and the rain had subsided, we caught the horses, fished our tents out of the mud in which they were buried and re-erected them. I joined the Sherif for a meal, and good humour was restored.

We had arranged a great shooting competition to take place on the next day, in which the chiefs would take part. I laid a wager with the Sherif as to who would win the prize. Now he could show his skill as a marksman !

A large number of Kabyles flocked in on the next day for the festivity, and they awaited the results of the competition with keen anticipation.

I was lucky and came off as best shot. Abdel Malek was third. We spent the day in a good humour, which was only once disturbed by a false aeroplane alarm. I took advantage of the Sherif's good humour to persuade him to shift our camp farther forward, and was successful ! Our camp was actually moved five miles farther south to Bu Hadud, distant only 300 or so yards from the old position which we had been obliged to evacuate before the enemy in February.

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Here we made all arrangements for a long stay. Around the camp itself a deep wide trench was dug, which was designed to protect us from invasions and horse thieves.

CHAPTER XV

NEW FIGHTS

ONE day our spies in Taza sent word that French forces from that place were advancing against us.

As our new fighting force was as yet comparatively small, I was exceedingly pleased at the news that Si Abdel Krim had promised his support with some 200 warriors.

While Abdel Malek was riding with our M'halla through Djebarna to meet the enemy, I remained in the camp to negotiate with Abdel Krim, who had arrived shortly before nine in the morning, after an exhausting two days' march. I allowed the tired men first of all to rest and eat and then rode with Abdel Krim in a southerly direction, whence a noise of battle had been rolling for hours.

We met Abdel Malek at the foot of the Sock el Häd mountain, stiting alone under a tree and waiting impatiently upon the upshot of the fight. Our men, who had been joined by Abdel Krim's men, offered a stubborn resistance to the French and towards noon forced them to retire.

Abdel Malek greeted Abdel Krim's men,

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thanked them for their assistance, and then rode with us back to the camp, delighted at the turn events had taken.

I at once attended to the wounded. One brave Kebdanese had had his right arm smashed by a bullet from a machine gun, so that here my aid was urgently required. During the fight several foreign legionaries had been captured or had deserted; among others a man named Seppelmeier. He did not want to remain with me, as his religion did not permit him to wage war—he had apparently wanted to study theology—which, however, had not prevented him from enlisting in the French foreign legion and remaining there until 1916.

A legionary named Tropf (blockhead) was true to his name, and him I despatched under escort to the Spanish zone.

The good understanding with Abdel Malek was not destined to last long. He was often gloomy and averred that he would never have left Tangiers if he had known the war was going to last long. He began again to reveal the more unpleasant sides of his character; his petty irritations and intrigues were almost intolerable. He often told me that the religion of an Emir did not allow him to support a Christian power, and when I thereupon answered him: "Then fight for Islam!" he retorted, "Well spoken, but with whom?"

On one occasion I acquired a number of rifles, which I sent over to Abdel Malek, and one of which was given him by one of his lieutenants, whereupon the Sherif immediately

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I sent the rifles back to me, with the message that they were bad.

Abdel Krim, who happened to be in my tent, advised me to speak to Abdel Malek upon the matter myself. I therefore went across and met the Sherif in front of his tent. As soon as he saw me he exclaimed in a loud voice in the presence of natives : " You Germans only give me muck ! " To this remark I answered quite calmly that " when I have to collect muck, I take off my gloves. " I seized the rifle and threw it over the tent. This incident gave rise to excited argument, which impelled me to mount my horse and ride away. The natives, however, held me back and the quarrel was composed.

Despite great agitation, I pulled myself together and implored the Sherif to repose entire confidence in me and not utter any more insults of this kind. Malek invited me to his table, and I asked him : " Why don't you let me retire to Riata, as my presence here seems to annoy you ? " Malek answered with a laugh : " Si Hermann, you must not go away yet, it is impossible. I will see what can be done with the French. "

During the time immediately following we had frequent encounters with the French, which ended with the retreat of our enemy.

In one of these skirmishes my most faithful supporter, Abdennur, with whom I had luckily escaped so many dangers, received a bullet in the lower thigh, while he was engaged in dragging one of the Sherif's men out of the

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hurly burly of the battle. The bone and sinews were shattered, and he was in great agony. I did all I could to alleviate his sufferings, but was able only to treat him with iodine, as no other resources were at my disposal. The seriously wounded man could not remain here. After applying an emergency bandage to his wound, I rode slowly with him to the friendly Kaid Mohosh at Shauja. In the night Abden-nur continually called upon me, entreating me not to leave him and in his fever execrated the cowards in the fight. With a heavy heart the next morning I sent the sick man, under safe escort, to the coast, and sorrowfully rode back to camp.

The successes against the French had put Abdel Malek in a good humour. We played a game of chess, in which he walked right over me. Then he presented me with a very fine horse; my own having fallen in the fight.

One night five of Malek's men deserted in the direction of the Spanish Rif; two were recaptured, tied with cords round their necks to a horse and brought back to the Sherif's camp. Bound and pinioned they knelt before Abdel Malek. He asked them why they had run away. They answered "Mektub Allah" (God willed it). Immediately the Sherif shot the men himself with his Browning.

The guards standing around were then made to fling the corpses on the road leading to the river, there to lie unburied as a warning example.

Soon after this bloody deed the Sherif came to drink tea with me and asked me what I

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thought of the business. I answered him: "The deserters were justly punished, only it would have been better if you had let the guards carry out the punishment." Abdel Malek only laughed at me and observed that it was better as it was.

The next day, the two deserters were still lying unburied on the river bank.

The Sheik Si Hamed Berkam, in whose territory the deserters had been taken, was not in agreement with this method of punishment, and rode angrily away. He had appealed to the law of the Kabyles, according to which the Sherif ought to have asked his opinion, or at least set up an Arab court martial, as the deserters had stood under his protection.

It was a difficult time. The Sherif, as it seemed, had been in a good humour long enough. The War was still going on and its end could not be foreseen. More and more nations were entering the field against Germany and propping up a France on the point of collapse.

Malek became nervous and did not know what attitude to adopt. His dream of an independent Sultanate was fading. In addition, he was continually being urged by the French in Tetuan to break with us.

Then news of fresh victories arrived from Germany, which, however, in Abdel Malek's opinion, came too late.

Once more we were pretty inactive, apart from trivial undertakings, such as blowing up bridges or cutting up railways. On account of

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the great storm which was daily sweeping through the valley of Bu Hadud, we shifted our camp to the other side of the Uasicht river, where I had accommodation constructed for horses, men and munitions.

Once when several legionaries were invited by the ancient Sheik Burnussi to breakfast in his house during an excursion, the Sheik's wife recognised a legionary in spite of his Arab dress as a Christian, shrieked violently, started back too near the fire and was at once in flames. A few days later I asked Burnussi how his wife was going on, and received the answer: "El Hamdulla la Bass" (God be thanked she is going on alright). I then inquired whether the improvement was to be traced to the medicine which I had given him, whereupon the old man replied: "Yes, my wife is dead, Allah Akbar!" (Great is God.)

After some time had elapsed—we had meanwhile engaged the French in another skirmish which was decided in our favour—I was genuinely gratified when Abdennur returned from the coast almost healed. How grateful and happy he was! Beaming with joy he told the Sherif and me about the new German victories. He hoped that we would soon achieve a great success over the French. His was a rare and wonderful character, brave and good-humoured and withal gentle as a child.

The following day he and I visited together the cemetery of his fellow tribesmen. Mournful indeed was my friend when he saw how the rows of graves had multiplied during his

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absence. He suddenly kissed my burnoose and said : " Master, I have only you to thank that I too am not under the sod." A feeling of bitterness invaded me as I glanced at the mounds of the dead, for I knew that the Sherif had given his men orders never to be reckless and always to leave the greatest risks to Abdennur's men.

One night I was sitting in my tent until midnight awake, as the howling storm and the howling jackals would not let me get to sleep, when suddenly I saw the edge of the tent opposite the door being lifted. First there appeared a dagger two feet long and then a hand which moved in the direction of my camp-bed. This was too much for me ; I seized the barrel of my carbine and dealt the hand a hefty blow with the butt end, causing it to drop the dagger. There was a strangled cry ; I sprang to my feet and caught a bandit, who now stood in front of me trembling.

I cross-examined this assassin and learned that he came from Marrakesh and was at present domiciled in Melilla. He confessed to me that he was very friendly with a Mr. Middleton in Melilla and that he had also been well acquainted with Mr. Farr. So danger was threatening me from this side. I told him that he ought to inform his noble friend of the reception I had prepared for him ; then I turned him out of the tent and laid down to rest, after reprimanding the sentries for their inattention.

Some time later I received a visit from an

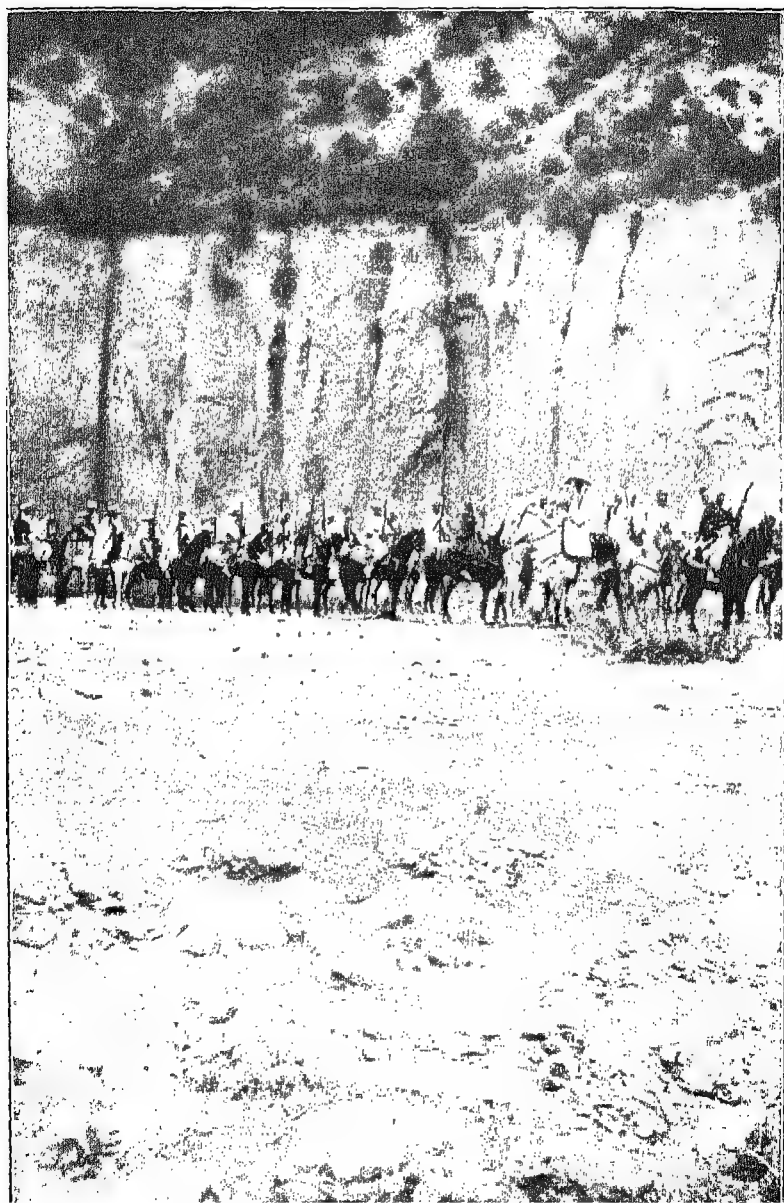
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Arab, who alleged that he had been a cook in the employment of a Mr. Fermans of Casablanca and offered me his services. I received him in the friendliest manner, but he soon found through my questions, that he had betrayed himself. He made off within a few minutes, before I could find time to have him manacled.

The succeeding weeks were comparatively quiet, except for frequent visits from French airmen. For the safety of our camp we had, as before, planted observation posts on the neighbouring heights of Shashor and Bu Mherris, whence we could keep perpetually in view the country across which the French would march, their posts and the town of Taza.

By this time we had succeeded in raising a standing force of 500 infantry and 250 cavalry. Also, we received further influxes of legionaries. The Sherif Abdel Malek displayed surprising activity; but his intentions were not really serious. He only wanted to make it look as if something were going to be done. Many times he openly complained about Germany and spoke in front of the natives about the constant aid which was accorded France on all sides and which kept protecting her from final collapse.

Also his attitude towards the other chiefs of the tribes was incomprehensible. He might easily have gained over the powerful Sheik Uld Mtboa, of Jebarna, a brave and very tranquil man, whom I had already half won over to our side. But Abdel Malek antagonised him and even threatened him with imprisonment, so that it was no matter for surprise that he turned



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his back on our cause and left us for Fez, Taza and Rabat, where he prompted General Lyanty to take measures against us.

Malek was jealous of all influential Sheiks and was always afraid that their power might injure him. I was fated soon to have further proof of the Sherif's double dealing. I learnt that he had summoned all the chiefs of the L'Mtalza tribe to the Shashorr height. It was particularly strange that the conference was held during the night. Shortly before 3 o'clock in the morning Abdel Malek returned to camp, which again struck me as being very peculiar, as he could quite well have passed the night on Shashorr.

Towards 7 o'clock in the morning the thunder of artillery was suddenly heard from the south and a messenger brought me the news that the French were advancing towards the territory of the L'Mtalza tribe. I at once prepared to set off, but before departing requested the Sherif's servant to awaken him. The latter answered that he had received the strictest orders not to awake his master.

I then rode alone towards the south, and from a height saw the French were not making for Shashorr, but were crossing the Emssun river and advancing towards Sidi Bel Kassem in the L'Mtalza territory.

This was manifest treachery on the Sherif's part. He had learnt through his news service that the French desired to occupy this district, and for this reason only had enticed the chiefs away from their country, so that the leaderless

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L'Mtalza would be unable to offer any resistance.

When I returned to the camp, Abdel Malek met me and informed me with a laugh : " Sidi Bel Kassem is taken." I made no answer, looked at him contemptuously, went into my tent and reported the treachery to the German Government.

CHAPTER XVI

FRENCH ADVANCE AND REPULSE

WE were now in the spring of 1917. From spies we learned that the French were planning a great attack upon us. - I regarded the situation with a certain anxiety.

Owing to the short-sightedness or deliberate intention of the Sherif, our forces were not yet strong enough to sustain a several days fight with superior French forces. Nor was the support from the tribes sufficiently generous ; above all the warlike tribe of the Uarein, upon whose assistance I had always laid the greatest value, had not yet come to our support. Add to this that we had very few cartridges.

The Sherif had been complaining for a long time that he was without a penny and would retire until Germany supplied him with sufficient guns, aeroplanes and munitions. In view of the armament of our enemy, it was a very justifiable and comprehensible, but impracticable desire. Withal I must maintain an outward' show of good spirits and confidence.

I had sent a messenger to Taza, who was to bring me authentic information as to the intentions of the French, and I was awaiting his return with impatience. At the end of

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March I was awakened by him one morning with the news that four French columns were on the march against us. I discussed the situation with Malek. He proposed to allow the enemy to cross the height of Shashorr, and then to fall upon him in the mountains of L'Atamna.

Although the French had already crossed the height and were only five miles away from us, the Sherif could not make up his mind to evacuate the camp.

Our men lay on the height south of the camp and opposite the enemy. The unequal struggle had begun, during which the enemy gradually gained ground with his artillery, his aeroplanes and his machine guns, to which we had nothing of the same kind to oppose. Soon afterwards I saw the hostile Kabyles from the west threatening our right wing. But here my brave Abdennur with his men made a successful stand.

Day was declining when a horseman brought me the news that Abdennur was encircled on all sides. I therefore sent him supports immediately, which extricated him from his dangerous position.

At last night fell and the noise of battle died down. The French had made very little headway, but our store of cartridges was seriously depleted. Despite this we resumed the struggle at daybreak. Enemy airmen dropped bombs on our camp. Attracted by the thunder of the artillery, friendly Kabyle tribes had hastened to our assistance from all

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sides, and by the time evening came again, the enemy had made no progress. I was hoping for further success and had our cartridges counted, when I discovered to my horror that the fight had consumed nearly all our munitions. There was no alternative but to shift our camp farther northward.

While Abdel Malek stayed outside the camp, which was continuously bombed by airmen and bombarded by artillery, I took charge of the dismantling and transport of our tents. I went to Malek's quarters and found there 120,000 pesetas—Hassani currency—sugar, tea, tent canvas, all heaped together in the most frightful confusion. I had his belongings packed up and brought on mules with my own things to the Shauja.

The third day of the fighting dawned. The enemy advanced simultaneously from three sides. I watched the progress of the battle from a height with the Sherif. He was very pleased when he heard that I had attended to the transport of his belongings.

About eight o'clock in the morning we abandoned the camp. By this time, the Sherif had already ridden away. I had given the order to our men, who were still making a stand at the front to leave the camp and retire. An airman circled overhead and signalled our retirement to the French. The camp was completely evacuated, only my horse was still standing in his stall. I observed that a bomb had smashed the adjacent

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compartment. The French were now scarcely 900 yards away. Nevertheless, I ran back, secured my horse, and galloped away at full speed. A shell exploded quite close to me; another whistled over my head and exploded against the mountain wall; a third fell into the river.

I rode alongside the river and overtook Malek, who curtly asked me "What now?" I answered that he had better ride with my Kebdanese and the legionaries to Mrobbtehn, which was one and a half hours distant, while I myself would attend to the wounded and arriving fugitives in the Shauja with Kaid Mohosh, and then rejoin him at Mrobbtehn later.

The road to the Shauja swarmed with fugitives and mules carrying our provisions and equipment. Wounded men limped on their way. The dead were carried along. It was a gloomy and depressing sight!

After I had attended to the wounded and collected the fugitives, I arrived the same evening, after a strenuous ride, at the locality of Bräd, situated on the great Rif road. Here we slept in the open until dawn.

While a temporary camp was being erected, I breakfasted with the Sherif, wrote to the German Government and asked for a larger consignment of money, wherewith to buy cartridges.

The French had not pursued us farther and had pitched their camp in the valley of the river. We had indeed, owing to the shortage

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of ammunition, been obliged to retreat, but we were by no means discouraged. On the contrary, I resolved to prosecute the attack on the French with the utmost vigour. We despatched towards the enemy all our horsemen and the Kabyles who were loyal to us, and in the night they kept firing on the French camp from all sides. Munitions were being made day and night. Traders also started coming into the camp again, to sell me cartridges and rifles against my note of hand.

Amongst us was also Abdel Krim, whom the Sherif did not like to see with me, probably out of fear of his influential position. He had antagonised this brave man, too.

Abdel Malek had given it out to the tribes that Abdel Krim was a Spaniard, whose purpose it was to bring Spaniards into the country. It was only after Abdel Krim had paid his own tribe, from which Abdel Malek's intrigues had estranged him, a large sum by way of reconciliation, that he was permitted to return to his country again. I was very sorry for him, especially as his own family had been made homeless.

Owing to our constant attacks the French had been placed in an extremely unpleasant position, especially as their fresh supplies of food and ammunition from Taza were often captured by us, and the remainder only came through after suffering heavy losses. When their rockets were lit up and shone far into the night, their camp offered an excellent target for our shots, whilst they themselves fired into

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the empty darkness with their rifles and machine guns.

Our men concealed behind rocks and stones in the mountainous country suffered no losses in this struggle, which was carried on ceaselessly by means of a proper system of relief, so that the situation of the French soon became untenable. Consequently, after some days had passed, they determined upon a retreat, which might easily have developed into a rout, if sufficient rifles and ammunition had been at our disposal. The first news of this retreat was received from Abdennur, who had remained close to the enemy all the time.

I congratulated the Sherif upon this success. In the presence of all the chiefs we celebrated a joyful festivity. The retirement of the French in the direction of Taza restored to us our old campaigning country.

Among our prisoners was a French legionary named André, whom I employed with other legionaries in making munitions. On one occasion when I had ridden to the ammunition depot, André threw himself at my feet, wept and complained that he had been illtreated by the legionaries. From inquiries made, it transpired that he had been continually kicked in the most brutal fashion by his French compatriot, the foreign legionary Reigner. In order to put an end to these quarrels I took André with me to my camp and put at his disposal a tent quite close to mine. But soon afterwards he committed suicide by blowing out his brains. I hastened to his tent, and the

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Sherif also hurried across on hearing the shot. He turned to me angrily, on seeing the corpse, and said: "This comes of treating a French dog like a brother, instead of putting him in chains, as the French are fond of doing to their prisoners," and added, probably to warn me, "Take care with these men, else the next shot will find a billet in your heart!"

André left behind a note in which he said: "Cher monsieur consul, I thank you for all the services you have rendered me," and in which, at the conclusion, he begged me to inform his parents of his fate.

Almost at the same time a deplorable accident occurred in the ammunition depot, where the legionary Müller, a particularly estimable man, kept a bomb too long in his hand when testing it and lost his right hand in the explosion which followed. He was obliged to have his arm amputated in Melilla.

One day the natives brought me a new foreign legionary of the name of Ilg, who had escaped from the French camp and soon became one of my best and most loyal men. Subsequently he gave me some interesting information about conditions in Taza and his flight into our camp.

In this state of necessity I was more than pleased when a large consignment of money arrived one day from Mulai Hamed el Siba. Now I could pay for the 150,000 cartridges which I had bought from the Riffis on my note of hand, as well as for the horses which had been killed in the fights, the harness and the fodder;

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handing over the considerable balance to the Sherif.

But although he also possessed the 120,000 pesetas which I have already mentioned, after a short time he demanded more money from me. I threatened to withdraw immediately at the Beni Uarein, if his money was exhausted, so I could no longer justify remaining with him to my Government. I demanded an immediate written answer from him. He sent a message to the effect that he had made a mistake and still had wages for fourteen days ; but in future I must pay the expenses myself.

I was in an extremely awkward position. I was again obliged to turn to the tribes for money, but, in return, I was now able to retain in my own hands the spending of the money required for the conduct of the war.

News of the German victories and the collapse of Russia had a very favourable effect on the Sherif, but, at the same time, he apprehended that a decisive German success would endanger his prospects of an independent Sultanate.

After we had moved our camp forward, our fighting force began to increase again, so that at the beginning of June, 1917, we were able to achieve a complete victory on the occasion of a French push against the Brannes tribe. Information had reached us that the French had begun a movement on the west bank of the Meknassa river in a northerly direction, and we determined to go to the assistance of the Brannes.

At seven o'clock in the morning our force,

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which comprised the foreign legionaries, my own Kebdanese, Malek's cavalry and a large number of Kabyles, assembled on the heights to the west of the river, just as the French column came in sight. The French took up a position opposite to us, but did not immediately open battle.

The Sherif had given his men the strictest orders not to open fire until the enemy attacked, but I, on the other hand, had encouraged my men to start the fight in any event, and this they did. Leaping from crag to crag, my men began to attack, and what I had intended came to pass: Abdel Malek's men were also drawn into the fight. A number of our men had already fallen, either wounded or slain, when the Brannes tribesmen came to our rescue and attacked the French in the rear. They had allowed the French to enter their territory unmolested only to fall upon them when they least expected an attack. This ambush was successful. The field was strewn with corpses, dead horses and mules, as well as with rifles and knapsacks.

Our forces and the Kabyles were close on the heels of the fugitives. Enemy airmen, circling over our heads, attempted in vain to hinder the pursuit by dropping bombs and machine gun fire. We were also under heavy fire from French machine guns planted on a jutting rock. The rock, however, was surrounded and stormed under heavy fire to the accompaniment of wild battle shrieks. The two machine guns fell into our hands, and those

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of the enemy gunners who had not escaped lay dead by the side of their guns.

The French suffered heavy losses. In one place alone in the river bed we found a slain officer and 27 dead soldiers, the majority of them foreign legionaries. A spahi, who was attempting to save cartridges at the last moment, was killed by Ilg's bullet. The enemy was utterly routed.

We returned to our camp in the best of spirits.

Soon afterwards the Kaid Hamed Sarhoni notified his arrival to me. He had fled from French territory with 200 horsemen. He was a man of solid character, but of reckless bravery. In order to prove to the Sherif that we must co-operate and that his cause was also mine, I did not keep him with me, but sent him to Abdel Malek, who incorporated him in his cavalry. We could use such men as he.

CHAPTER XVII

FRESH SUCCESSES. BREACH WITH THE SHERIF. RECONCILIATION BY ORDER OF THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT.

IN the period which followed we could record a successful light skirmish with the French almost every day.

In spite of all this, the burden of my anxieties grew heavier and heavier. The lack of cartridges and the lack of money had become really terrifying spectres for me.

The Sherif, who now observed what success the Kabyles had shown after I had taken in hand their organization and remuneration, and was aware of the critical position of the French, from whom we received new deserters daily, now demanded enormous sums for himself and for the augmentation of his personal forces.

As I was mainly dependent upon the money of the tribes, it frequently happened that in the press of great enterprises, I was without money and very considerably embarrassed. The situation was often so desperate that I should have preferred riding away. I had accepted upon note of hand hundreds of thousands of cartridges, as well as rifles, horses, bread and barley, and one day when I had

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absolutely no more money, I was obliged to pay the wages of the Kabyles with my own notes. Malek's camp master sent me each day accounts for immense purchases, which I forwarded to Germany under protest. I demanded of the Sherif that henceforward he should sign all accounts himself, which he was brought to do with great reluctance.

News of fresh German victories arrived at the camp, to celebrate which the green flag of the prophet was unfurled and a fantasia organized. The Sherif was in a good humour and when the L'Mtalza tribesmen fought an engagement with the French immediately afterwards, he rode himself to the scene of action to encourage the warriors.

We suffered a painful loss by the death of the able and brave foreign legionary, Vogt, whom we suspected of being poisoned. I laid him to his last rest about 400 yards above our camp cavern, by the side of a huge rock and near his old workshop, of which he had been so fond.

Great enthusiasm was aroused when an enemy airman was brought down by the two foreign legionaries, Witt and Gleichner, who hit their target in the engine with one of the captured machine guns.

The good understanding which existed between the Sherif and me at this time was soon to lead to a break that was almost final. I wanted to punish with 14 days imprisonment three foreign legionaries who had taken French leave during a skirmish. As I was passing

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through the camp I saw these three men standing in a group with Abdel Malek, who had offered to enrol them with his own troops. I explained to the Sherif that this was impossible. The men undoubtedly ought to be punished, and I alone had the right to inflict the punishment. To this he retorted: "The men have placed themselves under my protection, and consequently it is my duty to protect them." I turned on my heel without vouchsafing an answer.

At the same time I received from a trusty friend on the Shashorr height an urgent note informing me that the Sherif had requested my men to deliver up the machine guns and the cartridges.

Also Malek's cavalry leaders dropped hints that the Sherif proposed to adopt violent measures against me next day. According to the information from spies, it was the intention of the French to occupy Shashorr. In the afternoon a horseman arrived with news of the French advance.

The Sherif seemed to have no interest in this news and sent me a message that he desired to evacuate our position on Shashorr.

This had to be prevented at all costs. Consequently, I rode off at midnight to the Sheik Hadi Hamāda, whose tribe of Uled Haddo was encamped between our camp and the position in question.

The Sheik, who was my particular friend, while it was yet night despatched special messengers to all distant Kabyle tribes and

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assembled his own tribesmen, in order to defend Shashorr.

I divided my whole stock of cartridges among our forces and the Kabyles who had hastened to our assistance; and when Malek appeared on his mule later in the night, for the purpose of giving the order to evacuate the position, the Kabyles answered him: "Loua Sidi Hanna Nmuto" ("No, master, we will die.")

The next day the French attacked, only to retreat with heavy loss. The height remained firmly in our hands.

The Sherif was furious and meditated revenge. He rode back to camp, sent immediately for the three foreign legionaries mentioned above, and gave them horses and rifles, in order to enrol them in his personal troops.

This, however, was too much for me. At once I gave orders to saddle my ten horses. On seeing this, Abdel Malek shouted across to me that he would shoot down with his own hand the first of my men who mounted a horse. I retorted that I would likewise shoot the three legionaries if they attempted to mount the horses assigned to them by the Sherif.

Protected by Malek's men, the legionaries then returned to their tent.

In company with the Sheik Bu Rhai, who chanced to be present, I left the camp firmly convinced that the breach with Abdel Malek was final, and rode at first towards the district of Mrobbtehn which lay to the north, there to await the Sherif's further moves.

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Nothing was to be feared on the score of my Kebdanese and the legionaries who had remained behind on Shashorr, as they were protected by my 130 native horsemen and most of the Kabyles were on my side. I had even intimated to the Sherif that I would not enter his camp again until the three foreign legionaries had left it. I also left him because co-operation with him on the same lines as hitherto would have made me a traitor to Islam.

I then reported the repeated treachery of the Sherif to the German Government and urged that I might break away from him.

At Shashorr all was quiet. Abdel Malek did not attempt anything against my men; he only took out of my quarters the one machine gun, from which, however I had removed the lock as a precautionary measure.

My break with the Sherif had sped through the country like the wind. The French were awaiting with impatience the news of a final breach. Ah! if it had only come to that, then I should at last have had a free hand and might have hoped to lead all the tribes that were devoted to me against the French with the prospect of decisive success. From the Rif to the Atlas the flames of revolt would have been lighted!

After some days 100 horsemen belonging to various tribes arrived with the intention of reconciling me with Abdel Malek. Once more I let myself be persuaded and rode to the cavern camp. The Sherif behaved as if nothing

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had happened, but sent the legionaries away from the camp.

Soon afterwards I received the following lines from Germany: "We beg you at once to join Abdel Malek, as this is absolutely necessary owing to special political arrangements."

This order tied me again to a man who deliberately thwarted my plans.

The Sherif was our nemesis. Without his equivocal and harmful behaviour, it might have been possible to destroy the French dominion in Morocco at the end of 1915.

CHAPTER XVIII

ILLNESS. ABDEL MALEK LEAVES THE CAMP. EXTERNAL SUCCESSES BUT INTERNAL DIFFICULTIES

IN July, 1917, we fought a successful engagement in the Brannes territory. The Sherif sat morose in his quarters, brooding as to how he could disturb my work.

In August the French succeeded in planting themselves at Sidi Bel Kassem between Taza and the Shashorr and establishing in the plain the fortified post of Gadda Tuila, which dominated the river Emssun.

I contracted a severe illness and lay almost a month in my quarters without being able to move. The everlasting money worries, the lack of ammunition and the bondage to the Sherif had shattered my nerves. Many inquiries were received from the tribes as to whether I was dead. It was, however, not surprising that I had reached the end of my tether. My ceaseless struggle with Abdel Malek's deceptions and policy had been too wearing. By his intrigues he had been successful in creating a hostile sentiment against us in the Riffian country, upon which we were so very dependent, owing to the connection with the coast.

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My secret messengers only got through by running into the greatest danger. About this time, I received from the German Government the news that an ammunition steamer was on the way to us. I was able in good time to prevent a landing on the Spanish-Moroccan coast—which would have been undesirable. I should never have received the munitions from the Riffian tribesmen who had turned hostile and who would undoubtedly have confiscated them for their struggle against the Spaniards. In that case, and this was the most important point, Spain would have been placed in a very difficult position towards the Allies. It was not out of the question that the Anti-German Minister, Romanones, would have seized the opportunity to drive Spain against us, especially as the Moroccan question was already being very seriously discussed in Madrid in 1916.

The only part of the coast at which we could have landed munitions at that time lay south of Agadir, where a German U-boat had endeavoured, at my suggestion, to bring us munitions. The landing was, however, a failure, for reasons which I have never been able to ascertain.

I had hardly recovered from my illness when we were at the enemy again. In a fight at Sidi Bel Kassem on the 17th October, we succeeded in besetting the French on all sides and putting them to flight. Here too, I had again to mourn the loss of many of my best men, who charged bravely with bare heads and

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bad rifles, but were mown down by the French machine guns.

Once more we had been victorious, but no termination of this unequal struggle was in sight.

After the retreat of the French I went to my men, who after the fierce combat were lying about in groups under trees and bushes, expressed my thanks to them for their heroic conduct and attended to the wounded. Then I climbed the height alone and sat down on a ledge facing the enemy. The sun was just sinking behind the distant mountains and twilight was stealing over the country. After the struggle, mute stillness: peace was come even in my heart. The toils and cares of the day were vanishing with its light. The healing veil of night began slowly to fall upon mountain and valley.

I gazed across the plain. To the south twinkled the lights of Taza and Tuila. Here and there light rockets shot up into the air from other French posts, which betrayed to me the uneasiness of the enemy. We had had success upon success in so many fights—but the decisive blow was continually frustrated by the Sherif's intrigues.

Subdued and deeply pondering I rode back to camp.

Next morning the Sherif asked to see me. He had summoned the chiefs of the L'Mtalza to the cavern camp and gave me to understand that he wanted to enthuse the men in readiness for a great general battle. I did not suspect that he was again filled with deceit.

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After we had seated ourselves in the circle formed by 200 warriors, the Sherif began his address with the following words: "Since Si Herman has taken charge of the management of the finances, the tribes no longer get any money. He deprived me of the management at his own time. I believe we should be best apart, as I cannot help you without money."

In a state of great indignation I stood up and replied: "I should never have believed that a Sherif would descend to such a gross lie, for here is my witness, Si Hamed Koba, who can prove to you that Abdel Malek handed over to me the administration of the money of his own accord. I took it over only at his desire. We have raised a new fighting force, which is twice the size of our previous one. The Sherif sends me every day huge accounts for his own expenses and to pay for barley. With these sums alone we could maintain a M'halla. During the fights of last year we have had to replace so many horses, cartridges and rifles, that it is quite understandable that I have often been obliged to pay wages with notes of hand. As you know, I do not possess a money factory. I put it to you fairly, either to continue fighting by my side or to let me ride home. You know that I can leave your country in half an hour, if you desire."

The effect of my speech was apparent and considerable. Even the men whom Malek had bribed came over to my side. The gathering broke up in peace. Thus was the Sherif

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beaten once more by his own intrigues. He withdrew to his tent, offered me a cup of coffee and said jestingly that the business had not been seriously meant.

The outcome of this discussion, however, must have convinced the Sherif that my influence over the Gezneaia tribesmen was stronger than his; consequently he preferred to move his camp to Bu Harun in the Brannes territory, where he might hope to create a personal following and where he was nearer his friends in case unforeseen events should compel him to flee from the interior.

Meanwhile the campaign proceeded with fluctuating success.

On the 17th December, 1917, my brave legionary Ilg succeeded in capturing a French patrol, when a number of carbines fell into our hands.

Early in February, 1918, the foreign legionary Wuttke came to me to inquire why we had not yet blown up an important railway bridge at Emssun in the French plain, over which troop trains were passing every day.

I had never before heard of this bridge, but, on the faith of his representations, I sent Wauttke with 8 other legionaries and thirty of my best horsemen to blow up the bridge. This excursion again was to cost me the lives of some of my best men, including the courageous Hamsat, who had saved my life on the 27th January, 1916, by rearranging under heavy fire the bridle of my horse, which was galloping towards the enemy.

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I remember one day, feeling rather careworn, I left my quarters in order to find some repose outside the camp. I had scarcely left it when a raggedly-dressed but very beautiful young woman spoke to me. After kissing my burnoose she inquired after her husband. I knew him, he had been well-to-do, and had been compelled to flee with his wife from the French. The couple had often called upon me to ask for hand grenades, as the man was anxious to take part in the mining and bombing expeditions which I frequently carried out. He had not returned from the last enterprise. Every day I saw the woman sitting on a hill, hungry and looking out for her husband, and I brought her food. For weeks she had been waiting in vain, as she told me to-day. I tried to console her, but she said : " I still hope my husband will return, but if he does not, then thanks be to God ; for he did a great deed for Islam." She then went to her hut made of branches and leaves, mournful but holding her head up proudly.

CHAPTER XIX

THE FIGHTS FOR OUR MOUNTAIN FORTRESS

IN February, 1918, it was reported that the French intended to advance against Shashorr. This had to be prevented at all costs. The possession of these heights was of great importance for us. They dominated the whole of the fighting country in the direction of Taza. If we lost them, then our position in this territory would become extremely difficult, as we had already discovered on a previous occasion. Consequently, although I had very little money and munitions, I exerted my utmost efforts to protect the position.

On the height itself my own 130 men were posted for the defence. The tribes hurrying to our assistance were to be employed as supports for my men on both sides, while it was the task of L'Mtalza tribesmen to wait in their own territory and attack the French on their flank.

One Friday evening I received the news that the French would advance the next morning.

The Sherif was still staying in his safe camp at Bu Harun in the Brannes territory. Although his personal assistance was not essential, I could not dispense with the aid of the force

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he had taken with him, and I therefore despatched an urgent messenger with a request for support. With this request he, in fact, complied, and sent me, quite against my expectations, his fighting force consisting of 800 rifles, and in addition a few hundred Brannes tribesmen, the latter to be sure armed with almost useless rifles.

When all was ready I rode off to the prospective battlefield. At about 10 o'clock in the morning we saw the dust clouds of the French column, which was advancing from Emsun in the direction of Sidi Bel Kassem. The enemy was driving herds of cattle in front of his own troops, probably out of fear of the mines we had laid under the valley road. It was not long before the enemy batteries were placed in position on both sides of the marching route and opened fire against our fortifications on Shashorr, and against the Kabyles who lay opposite them in the valley and to the east.

The French posts of Sidi Bel Kassem took part in the fight with their guns.

Double-deckers flew over our positions, dropping bombs and signalling to the French batteries the effect of their fire.

Owing to the shortage of ammunitions, it seemed to me impossible to hold the French in the plain in front of Shashorr. Consequently I had given orders to fire as few shots as possible, but to harass the enemy column from a distance, and for the rest not to contest their advance along the valley to Sidi Bel Kassem, where

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the French arrived without serious resistance at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

During the night I had the whole of our ammunition brought out of the cavern camp and transported to Shashorr, as I had been informed by spies that the French intended to advance against our mountain fortress on the next day.

Messengers came and went all through the night. My men and Malek's warriors took up covered positions about 650 yards opposite Sidi Bel Kassem, on the bank of the Emsun stream, which is about 6 yards wide and two feet deep, while the Kabyles took cover in the foreground.

At nine o'clock the French opened fire and began moving towards Shashorr. When they had approached sufficiently near, they suddenly received an astonishing fire from all sides, under the shock of which they reeled and retreated with heavy losses to the Emsun.

I myself, in company with the foreign legionaries, Ilg, Witt and Schroeder, had reached a place below Tuila about 120 yards from the Emsun stream, when we felt a heavy machine gun fire. Bu Sien, a brother of Abdennur, came running to me and implored me to leave the foremost line of the fight. He then darted off with his comrades in pursuit of the retreating French.

My presence in the foremost line threw my men into a fighting frenzy that was truly remarkable. No machine gun fire, no grenades, no bombs availed to stem their death-defying

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was the probable motive of the Sherif's overtures? It was the most glorious period of the German March offensive, which he did not relish; he saw Morocco once more in German hands and the dream of his Sherifian kingdom destroyed, a fear that could only have been increased by the great victory I had just achieved.

I rode back to my camp and was glad that I could act without Malek. In the immediately succeeding period, I organized small successful sorties from Shashorr, in one of which I managed to drive 2,000 sheep away from the French—a very welcome addition to our commissariat—as well as to cut the telegraph wires.

The activity of the Sherif consisted mainly in setting the different tribal chiefs by the ears, so that for the time being complete anarchy reigned among the tribes.

New and impressive tidings of victory had arrived from Germany. I had arranged with Beni Uarein that I would acquaint them of any unusually good news by great fires and mine explosions on Shashorr at 3 o'clock in the morning, and as the news of another great victory had now arrived, the beacons flared up and announced these glad tidings not only to the men of Beni Uarein, but also intimated to the City of Taza, as well as the French posts of Sidi Bel Kassem, Tuila and Emsun, how things were going on our western front.

At the end of May I succeeded with 20 horsemen in capturing the French mail destined for Sidi Bel Kassem. It consisted of six large

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post bags, in which I found the following letter from a French General Staff officer in Paris :—

Paris, 15th May, 1918.

“ Our General Staff states that France is in a critical condition. The German airmen and long-range guns have done enormous damage. By September France will either have lost or won. We still have our Foch, upon which we are placing our last hope.”

The letter was addressed to the leader of the troops at Sidi Bel Kassem.

I had the letter immediately translated into Arabic and distributed among the tribes as well as in French territory. I sent the original by secret messenger to the coast to be forwarded to Germany.

I now believed firmly in a definite German victory. Various deserters came over to me in June from the war-like Huara tribe, and a number of Sheiks asked me for an interview. They themselves did not dare to visit me. Consequently, we arranged for a meeting at night in the Huara itself. For me it was a great risk to undertake the long ride into the heart of French territory, but an influential Sheik guaranteed my safety. Shortly before midnight, I departed alone with this Sheik. No one, not even Abdennur, might know anything of my intentions. In pitch darkness, past the French post of Sidi Bel Kassem, I made my way to the Huara plain.

Assembled in a great tent called a Chaima,

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I met the Sheiks, who informed me that the French had resolved to take Shashorr at all costs. For this purpose they had drafted in Algerian troops, as well as further forces from Casablanca, Tsul and Dukalla, and arranged for the Kabyles to co-operate.

The Sheiks asked me what I thought of the project. I replied quite calmly that we would hold Shashorr, but that if we could not do so, we would be saved by a speedy peace. Thereupon the Sheiks promised me that if we could hold out in a fight for only two days, they would come over to our side and give the French a finishing stroke, as the Brandes tribesmen had done once before. They added that they had justifiable reasons for being angry with me, because I had taken 2,000 sheep from them on the previous day. I promised them to restore them their sheep five fold, if they would come over to us. Upon this they thanked me and said that everything depended on whether we could hold out. They themselves would at first fire no shot in the fight. Moreover, they indicated to me the positions which they would occupy during a fight, so that we might refrain from firing on them. The French thrust was to be expected in eight days.

At the close of the interview I took leave of the Huara with the words: "God protect us." Then at three in the morning I hurried as fast as my horse would gallop across the French plain, accompanied by only a few horsemen.

None of us uttered a word. I was too busy

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thinking of the coming decision, upon which our future in the Gezneia territory depended. My greatest fear was treachery on the part of Abdel Malek. Consequently, I spent only a short time in my camp, and then rode off again, in order to find the Sherif. After a six hours ride I reached Bu Harun. The Sherif again received me most cordially and promised to come to my immediate assistance with all the Brannes tribesmen and his own forces, in the event of a French advance upon Shashorr.

Once more I insisted to him with all the emphasis at my command upon the importance of the possession of these heights, and then rode back to the cavern camp at Kifaan.

From this camp I despatched the three trustworthy foreign legionaries, Witt, Gleichner and Schroeder, in charge of a machine gun, to the chief of the L'Mtalza forces, the Kaid Hamed Sarhoni, with instructions to attack the flank of a French column which was expected to advance from Emsun.

The brave legionary, Ilg, I assigned to Shashorr, so as to have an absolutely reliable man at this most important post.

In readiness for the coming fight, we had at our disposal, including the Kabyles, about 500 good and 5,000 old rifles, which, however, were in part useless and in part consisted of breach-loaders, old chassepots, American and Spanish rifles.

Abdel Malek must have had about 80,000 cartridges and I had over 100,000 myself, of which, however, two thirds were home-made

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cartridges, manufactured partly by me and partly by my men in the country. I was particularly indebted to my friend, The Sheik Hadi Hamāda, for supporting me with his men of the Uled Haddo tribe, although in the last fight he had lost a brother, whom despite a protracted search we had been unable to find.

The territory of the Uled Haddo was situated between our camp and the Shashorr heights; and was therefore in special danger if the battle had an unfavourable result.

After the legionaries, Witt, Gleichner and Schroeder, had waited with the L'Mtalza tribesmen seven days in expectation of the French advance, they appeared one day in camp to say that the French were no longer coming, but at the same time I received definite information that the French advance was to be expected on the following morning.

I then despatched the three legionaries with the machine gun to Shashorr and sent a messenger to Abdel Malek.

It was a piece of good fortune for us that we succeeded in recapturing the el Kalb mountain, lying to the south of Shashorr, as their occupation of this height enabled the French to menace our position with artillery fire. I myself had had experience of this fire on one occasion when I was aiming my never-failing carbine at the French from a covered position well forward. My horseman stood aside from me without cover and yet the enemy only fired at me. At least 30 bullets missed me by a hairsbreadth, and then a shell dropped and

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buried itself in the ground at my feet. My covered position must have been betrayed, and the traitor must have been one of us.

During the attack on Kalb mountain a particularly brave man, the Hadi-Mohammed Mraui fell fighting by my side.

When the mountain was captured hundreds of hand grenades fell into our hands as very welcome spoils.

CHAPTER XX

TREACHERY AND RETREAT

At half-past three on a Sunday morning I rode off towards Shashorr with my scribe and my little servant Abdel Kader. It was just getting light when the first enemy airmen greeted us with their bombs and machine-gun bullets. They ventured as near as twenty yards from the ground, but were considerably astonished to find the proper camp on Shashorr deserted except for me and my ten men. I had in fact withdrawn the forces, including the auxiliary L'Mtalza tribesmen, under cover of darkness and despatched them to meet the French a long way off. They were drawn up in front of the forts Tuila and Sidi Bel Kassem and had already engaged the enemy in fight.

Malek's forces had also arrived at the proper time, in accordance with his promise. A hand-to-hand fight now developed, during which the French, in spite of their ten-fold superiority and their numerous cannon, machine guns and aeroplanes, were repeatedly hurled back, so that when darkness fell they had not advanced one step.

I helped bandage the wounded and ordered them to be carried into the camp, which was a

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very difficult task, owing to our lack of resources. The Kabyles had brought their wounded into their villages and were expecting my medicine.

At a distance of about five miles beneath our mountain fortress I saw four extensive French camps at great distances apart. The batteries had tried in vain to bombard our elevated position, the mountain was so steep that their shots did not reach farther than 300 yards in front of entrenchments.

Then something happened which was to rob us of all the promise of this most propitious commencement of the battle.

While I was still engaged in bandaging the wounded, Abdennur came suddenly to me and informed me that the Sherif's forces and also the Brannes tribesman had withdrawn to Bu Harun. Abdel Malek, who had stayed away from the scene of action, had despatched messengers with the information that the French were also advancing from the direction of Tsul into the Brannes territory. These tidings were false. We were faced with another act of treachery on the part of the Sherif, than which it would have been impossible to conceive worse. This shameful conduct robbed me of all energy for a moment. I was filled with rage against this man, whom I would have shot down if he had been standing in front of me at this moment.

Disaster now overtook us.

After the withdrawal of the Brannes tribesmen and Malek's men, most of the Geznea

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tribesmen became nervous and disappeared in the night. Even the L'Mtalzas rode away, in order, as they said, to defend their territory, which was menaced by the advance of the French.

I found myself in the unenviable position of being obliged to resist the French with the few hundred men who had remained loyal to us. As this was impossible even for the bravest men in view of the considerable forces of the enemy, I ordered Abdennur and the foreign legionaries to evacuate the Shashorr heights when the French attacked again on the following morning.

When dawn came our mountain fortress was already under heavy shell fire. The enemy had invested the mountain from three sides and was advancing on us with thousands of well-armed natives and with his cadre troops in strongly, protected formations. We retreated according to plan.

By noon the French flag was fluttering in the breeze over our position on Shashorr. It was not a glorious deed on the part of the enemy.

Soon the French artillery was dragged up on to the heights, whence it shelled the natives who were fleeing from their villages. The French shells exploded with frightful results among hundreds of families who were hurrying away with their salvaged belongings. Nor was this a glorious deed for the enemy.

I rode through the fugitives, who, instead of reproaching me, asked for my advice. I could not help them. The most I could do was to

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console them with the promise of speedy peace. The tribes of Uled Buryrna and L'Atamna lost their wide corn lands and the greater part of their herds. I had no money myself, with which to buy corn from other sources. It was a melancholy situation, and yet, in my country's interests, I could not think of abandoning my enterprise at this juncture. Consequently I resolved at once to resist the enemy from a new position.

The next few days we lived the life of bandits. Huts were fashioned out of brushwood, and social distinctions were obliterated, so far as they had existed before. Like field mice we crept into our crude shelters. Wealthy Rif tribesmen gave me barley and cartridges in exchange for credit notes. The horses' rations were cut down, as the sources of corn supply in the vicinity of Shashorr were lost.

The French did not advance farther, but settled down on our old mountain fortification, which enabled us to regain possession of our old cavern camp.

After peace had been restored, the Sherif emerged from his safe hiding place and inquired mockingly—"Did I not tell you that Shashorr would fall?" I curtly refused his offer to accompany him to Bu Harun, and in token of my contempt, turned my back on him, whereupon he returned to the Brannes country.

It was extremely repugnant to me to have to co-operate any further with this traitor, and after setting out all the circumstances, I addressed another request to the German

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Government to break finally with Malek. The answer was as always, that the Sherif was of great importance for us from the standpoint of the general political situation. The German Government officials are not to be blamed for this, as they were wrongly advised.

Vastly different from that of the Sherif was the conduct of Kaid Abdennur. Even before the French had started to advance against Shashorr, they had invited him and his men to come over to them. He drove away the messenger who carried this overture to him, and remained loyal to me. Only two of his men appeared to have deserted to the French camp, but a day or two later they returned to me in high spirits, bringing French rifles and horses with them.

At the source of the Shauja river I constructed a provision store, which I filled with fodder procured from the Ain Hamra territory, a mountainous country containing an idyllic valley, where considerable traffic in barley went on and the finest fruit flourished in great orchards.

Likewise on the banks of the Shauja river, distant three miles from our camp, I erected a hospital for our severely wounded men, which I placed in charge of the trustworthy legionary, Witt.

Before long Abdel Malek again appeared in our camp. He had left his forces behind at Bu Harun, where they were remaining with the Brannes tribesmen in complete inactivity.

About this time a German enterprise was

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launched which could have been of the greatest importance for us, but which, unfortunately, failed owing to the inexperience of those who took part in it. At the instigation of my German comrade, "Abdullah," a German U-boat had landed at Sus in the neighbourhood of Agadir, bringing with it for Muley Hamed el Hiba at Sus the munitions which were so eagerly desired. Most unhappily this generously conceived enterprise collapsed.

My brave "Abdullah" had as early as March, 1918, applied to Malek, in order to establish direct communication with us. The Sherif told him that he must first come himself to see him. "Abdullah" saw through the designs of the Sherif, who would certainly have had him arrested on his way to us.

The valuable services rendered by my com-patriot for more than three years deserve special mention. Under circumstances of extreme difficulty, he exerted himself at all times to serve Germany and assist me. It is only to be regretted that he was not in the interior of Morocco when war broke out, as in that case things might have turned out very differently.

September, 1918, was now approaching. The French made preparations to settle accounts with us once for all, of which the sequel was eight days of heavy fighting.

We had gradually reintrenched ourselves and taken up a position which stretched from the Brannes district across the Meknassa river and away over other heights as far as the heights

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to the north east of Sidi Bel Kassem. To each tribe was assigned a section of the front.

Unfortunately, our total supply of cartridges did not exceed 300,000, which would suffice for a force of 3,000. Facing us was a French force which was reported to number over 30,000 men, apart from their Kabyle allies, equipped with all modern war material, about 60 cannon, countless machine guns, as well as six good aeroplanes. Moreover, they brought the guns from their fortified posts into the attack.

They delivered their first attack upon the Brannes tribesmen and the Sherif's forces, which were drawn up on our right wing with about 900 rifles. On the second day the battle flared up all along the line. The Sherif did not once ride into the fight, but remained in his camp.

I was standing on the height in front of Sock el Häd in the Gezneia district, where the Sheik Karon and his men had intrenched themselves, and from this position I watched the battle. Our right wing was subjected to particularly heavy enemy fire, but our line held. It cost the enemy five days of the most stubborn fighting before, thanks to his preponderance, he was able to advance.

My 120 men who were posted to the north of Shashorr and had so far successfully repulsed the foe, observed on the morning of the fifth day a rider on a white horse galloping down from the Shashorr heights followed by several hundred French chasseurs. My men allowed

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them to proceed as far as the river valley close to their front, and then they, together with the Uled Haddo tribesmen, opened a surprise fire upon them. Salvo upon salvo raked the ranks of the enemy, who melted away with heavy losses, seeking shelter behind the ledges and rocks of the mountain.

Nor did we in front of the Sock el Häd remain much longer unmolested. The buzzing of propellers came nearer and nearer. The airmen flashed our positions to the French batteries, and now the enemy's shells fell in our ranks and among our horses. Night came at last, and the noises of battle died down.

My confidence rose, as the French had suffered heavy losses and every day it became more difficult for them to bring up ammunition. Also I received from the Beni Uarein an intimation that they were on the march with 6,000 men and two days later would attack the French in the rear.

The battle was resumed the next morning. It seemed as if this time the French were making a determined push in the direction of L'Atamna. Our position in front of Sock el Häd was continuously bombarded. Airmen circled around our mountain quite low down. Enemy infantry advanced to a distance of 300 yards and dug themselves in quite close to our position. The whistling of bullets resembled the twittering of a million sparrows rising from a corn field.

At seven o'clock I was obliged to send the brave Sheik Karoan, who was severely wounded in the thigh, back to camp, accompanied by a

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legionary. As I was taking leave of this courageous man, I met Malek's representative, Si Mohammed, who had just come from camp. I asked him: "How is the Sherif going on?" to which he replied: "Oh, Abdel Malek is getting on fine. He is quite well in his house in camp."

I rode through L'Atamna, at a great risk of falling into the hands of the advancing French, made a detour and galloped back to the camp, where I learned to my horror that the Sherif's representative had told Malek's men and the tribes fighting with them that the Sherif and I had been attacked in the camp.

It was obvious that on receipt of this news our men would not feel any great inclination to further resistance. I must track this fresh treachery to its source and neutralize its disastrous effect. I went at once to Abdel Malek, and matters quickly came to a head, as I demanded that Malek should shoot his representative. The Sherif flew into a rage, seized his carbine and went out of the camp, shouting to the people standing within that I was a traitor and had brought the French into the country. The question of punishing his representative the Sherif answered with the word: "Kilb!" that is, Dog, thereby proving that he was perfectly aware of the bandit's false report.

A catastrophe was avoided only by the intervention of Abdennur.

When night fell the French had advanced farther. Then came the startling news that

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the Sherif's forces had actually withdrawn. Abdel Malek's new treachery had thus borne its fruit. I realized that our cavern camp could now no longer be held and made preparations for its removal to Shauja, whither I had the wounded sent also.

Nevertheless we were resolved that the French should not have our camp without further fighting. At five o'clock the next morning we were again greeted by enemy airmen, and now and then a shell came into our camp. To protect the camp I had long ago dug trenches along its southern edge, and here my men laid safe and covered in their shell-proof dug-outs. By noon the French were at a distance of less than 750 yards from the camp.

My plucky little Abdel Kader, who was only 15 years old, climbed out of his trench in order to look at the enemy, and was torn to pieces by a shell.

Kaid Sarhoni, who distinguished himself by striking bravery, stoutly resisted the French when they were attempting to cross the river. When the French infantry made a most determined endeavour to thrust themselves across the stream, he rode in his anger to a distance of 300 yards in front of them, waved his turban and called on them to come over to our side. A salvo was fired and the Kaid fell from his horse severely wounded in the neck. Despite the heavy fire, his brave comrades rushed forward, rescued their leader, whom they brought mortally wounded to me in camp.

All the afternoon the camp was heavily

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shelled. I sat on a height situated to the north, three quarters of a mile away and gloomily watched the bombardment. When I observed that the enemy was approaching our camp from all sides, I gave the order for retreat to the legionary Ilg, who was still holding out on the border of the camp with his machine gun. Then we retired to Shauja, where we arrived at nightfall. The French contented themselves with possession of the camp, the northern height of which was still occupied by our men to protect Shauja.

I despatched a report to the German Government. How resentful I felt when the Sherif entered my tent and inquired laughingly how I was going on. I controlled myself and even shared a meal with him, although I should have preferred to leave him immediately. However, I arranged with him to shift our camp again to Brad, as before. Sleep was out of the question. There were the dead to be buried, the wounded to be bandaged and the new resistance to be organized.

Already on the next morning our new camp in the Shauja was visited by enemy aeroplanes, which henceforward dropped bombs on us every day.

The delightful olive groves in which we had sought shelter soon became a deplorable spectacle.

The Sherif felt his influence on the tribes declining more and more. As they lost confidence in him, one after another of his horsemen left him. Indeed it came to his ears that

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I now intended to break with him at last and was going over to the Beni Uarein, whither I had already despatched Si Srehr, a very brave and sagacious man, to raise a fighting force.

Thus it will be appreciated that the Sherif became a prey to acute anxiety, as he was deserted by so many of his followers and rebuffed on all sides. Consequently he wrote—what irony of fate—an Arabic letter to the German Government, pointing out that nothing more could be done for our cause in the Geznea district, and that now even he considered it more advisable to transfer the theatre of our activity to Riata and Beni Uarein. Moreover, he emphasised in his letter that I had thoroughly prepared the ground in that locality.

The German Government again held out to me the prospect of considerable support, so that I was facing the future in a very hopeful spirit, especially as I had received from the Bu Denib district the favourable news that to the south of the Atlas a general rebellion had also broken out against the French, in which several French posts had already been captured. The future seemed to be bringing nearer to me the object I desired so much to achieve.

The number of French deserters—Spahis and soldiers—now amounted to 1,000 men, all of whom were armed with carbines and automatic rifles.

I was now awaiting the arrival of a consignment of French machine guns from Algeria, upon receiving which I designed to break through

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to the territory of the Riata and the Beni Uarein.

A new, French-consuming fire had been kindled from the Atlas to the Rif.

Serene and undaunted I made the last preparations for this bold enterprise.

CHAPTER XXI

I LEAVE THE COUNTRY BY ORDER OF THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT

THEN we were struck by the tremendous blow of fate which sent my whole edifice crashing to the ground—the retreat of the German Army on the Western Front. I had already heard rumours of it, but would never believe the incredible tidings.

Now thousands of handbills announcing the fact were dropped among our men by French airmen. The terrible news ran like wildfire through the country from tribe to tribe.

At one stroke my position became extremely precarious—I was in the heart of a strange country without money, as the assistance promised in German quarters had not yet arrived, and my heart was bleeding over my country's fate. The arrears of wages and the supplies of cartridges must be paid for. For more than a fortnight I had been putting off a number of traders with continual promises. In Taza great celebrations were held, and it is interesting to note that the invitations drawn up by General Lyautey contained the following

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words—"To-day I am able to tell you that during the whole year we thought we were lost. We could not, of course, give open expression to this fear. It is only by a miracle that we are saved."

I tried at first to persuade the men that the French were lying as always, and that I expected good news would soon arrive from Germany.

I guessed that I should have to leave the country, but did not want to part from it without saying farewell to the French at close quarters. On the 17th November, 1918, I rode close to the French camp with 30 horsemen, left my escort waiting under cover, took with me my best legionaries, Ilg, Witt and Huke, and the four of us succeeded in penetrating as far as our old trenches above the cavern camp.

Early in the morning we saw the enemy exercising and lounging on our old camping site. Witt called to them a "bon jour," whereupon I seized my carbine and sent them a few leaden greetings by way of farewell. These shots seemed to alarm the whole camp. Rifles and machine guns were quickly turned on us in a perfect frenzy, and we could still hear their wild shooting when we had long passed out of range of their weapons.

On account of the strong winds, the Sherif had pitched his camp at Brad between the mountains, while I remained in five tents on the open road at a distance of 650 yards from Malek's camp.

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Abdel Malek tried to entice me into his camp, representing that it was too dangerous for me to be alone, on account of French espionage. I thanked him for his offer, but gave him to understand that as I had not asked for his protection hitherto, I would now trust to God and myself alone.

The Sherif suspected and probably feared that I might suddenly ride away from him. Then I received the shattering tidings of the Kaiser's flight. Abdel Malek came to my tent to inquire whether this news was true. I answered—"Indeed it is, my Sherif," looking at him so intently and seriously as I did so that he cast his eyes on the ground, and replied only with the word "rallt," that is, I was mistaken, and then returned to his camp.

The next few days the French airmen dropped more bombs on our camp, without, however, doing great damage.

Full of doubt and dismay I was pondering over my immediate fate, when I received on the 20th November, 1918, from the German Government the order: "Retire immediately in accordance with armistice terms."

What I had long feared had, therefore, happened. For three weeks I had been apprehensively waiting on events, always clinging to the hope that a tolerably good peace would be made.

Now the outbreak of a revolution in this darkest hour of fate of the German people

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had also destroyed this hope. The order to retire had been given. What should I do? Without money, without munitions, thus without the means of continuing the war, what could I do? If I remained any longer in the country, would it not plunge deeper into destruction all the loyal tribes, who had for years been sacrificing their blood and treasure for our cause, and would not the vengeful hand of the French fall on them even more heavily?

I therefore resolved to go.

The most difficult thing was to keep my departure a secret from the Sherif and the tribes. Consequently, I wrote to my loyal Mochtar, one of my bravest cavalry leaders, who had been wounded six times, and who was stationed with my 130 horsemen in the enemy direction in the Shauja, that all of them up to the last man should make for a particular point in front of the French camp. I ordered him to leave all tents standing and to inform the tribes that I designed to make a reconnaissance ride in front of the enemy. Secretly, however, I instructed Mochtar and Ilg to ride only as far as the Uasicht river and then back to Agibba diel Kadi, where I would myself arrive at 11 o'clock at night.

When evening came, I found it very difficult to depart, as a number of chiefs were in my camp, intending to pass the night with me. Also there came a Jewish trader, whom I had told three days since that I should not need,

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but who now begged to be allowed to remain with me.

At ten o'clock at night I was sitting with the Sherif's brother-in-law, Hadj Hamäda. As I could contrive no other way to get rid of him, I sent him with an urgent letter to my friend, his brother-in-law.

The slightest mistrust or any kind of treachery, or even an evening visit from Abdel Malek, would have upset all my preparations, and God only knows what would have happened then. Perhaps it might have been better so, as I was then encamped among the tribe of Beni Uarein, among men who were determined to defend their country to the last man.

To Hadj Hamäda I wrote : " You know, dear friend, how much I love you, your family and your tribal brethren. Do not take it amiss that I have to write to tell you that I must depart to-day, because my Government has recalled me. I am very sorry on your account and that of all Mohammedans, but especially so for you, because you have proved yourself so loyal to me, and because you have lost your country and all that you possess. You know whom we have to thank for all this ; God will judge him. In a few hours time I must go, and I hope that you will still be blessed with good fortune. Please greet Hadj Barkesh, Sidi Quihr, Sidi Srehr, Sidi Hamed Berkan, Abdel Krim, as well as all the tribes, on my behalf, and thank them. Tell them how grateful I am to them all, and that

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God will help. God be with you!—Si Hermann.”

Sharp at ten o'clock at night I left my tent, left the machine gun standing in its place, and even left the light burning in my tent. Then I rode at a continuous gallop straight over the mountains, past Sock el Tnehn to Agibba diel Kadi, which lies on the frontier between territory promised respectively to the Spaniard and to the French, although not yet conquered by them.

Here I found my 130 horsemen assembled. We exchanged the briefest of greetings. Then we rode through the night at a brisk pace through the country of the Beni Tusin. At six o'clock in the morning we were in sight of the Spanish fortified posts.

As we were again in a dangerous district, I ordered my horsemen to deploy, and then we resumed our ride through La Babda and Beni Uhnshick. Shortly before ten o'clock in the morning I reached the house of my friend, Hadj Aumar. Less than three miles in front of us lay the first Spanish fortified post of Bu Ssada. Kaid Abdennur, who had returned to his family living under the protection of Hadj Aumar, greeted me first. Then came the venerable but still very robust Kaid himself and conducted me into his house, where a meal was at once prepared for us. He also attended to the accommodation and refreshment of my horsemen.

I told the Sheik that during the coming night I wanted to break through to Melilla with

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my legionaries, whilst all my companions were to remain with him in the L'Mtalza district. Abdennur lost no time in introducing me to his family and also inviting me to a meal in his house. Even while the meal was in progress the son of Hadj Hamäda, to whom I had just written the farewell letter, appeared, and was followed by the Sheik Abslam as well as other chiefs from the Gezneaia, who had ridden after me.

The despair and anxiety of these men, who could not be reconciled to my flight, cut me to the heart.

In front of the house several hundred members of various tribes had already assembled, when Kaid Aumar came in to tell me that I must immediately ride away, as matters were becoming serious. The tribes had been at enmity on my account, and a massacre could not be avoided unless I departed immediately.

This was to place a very heavy responsibility upon me, as, after my departure, my men as members of a foreign tribe would certainly have incurred the risk of being murdered or at least robbed of the very shirts on their backs. I could not leave them behind alone.

More and more natives were now arriving in anticipation of the coming discussion between the tribes. It was essential to act promptly and I made a momentuous decision.

I sent two horsemen with a letter to the Spanish fortified post, to the Commander of which I wrote in Arabic, so that the men might be able to read his answer: "After I

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learnt that the war was over I came with about a hundred horsemen to the house of Hadj Aumar. My horsemen, whose proper sentiments are well known to you and for whom I can thoroughly vouch, desire to enlist in the Spanish native police, in order to prevent their horses and rifles falling into the hands of tribes hostile to them. If these men can pass into Spanish territory unmolested and you can assume responsibility for their safety, I will immediately join you with my men. Otherwise, we must remain in the neutral zone.

SI HERMANN."

Within an hour I received the written answer of the Commander that we were at liberty to cross over to him and that my men, on whose account I need have no fears, would be welcome to him.

Harassed by thousands of armed Kabyles we rode forward in a critical situation towards the Spanish fortified post. I was acutely anxious about my loyal men and before we crossed the frontier I wanted to have the Commander's verbal word of honour respecting the safety of my horsemen.

We had approached to within a distance of 200 yards of the fortified post when I observed through my field glasses that guns and soldiers behind the walls of the fortification were in readiness for firing. I ordered an immediate halt and forbade the natives as well as my own men to proceed any farther, whilst I, accompanied by Abdennur, Hadj Aumar,

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nine horsemen and six foreign legionaries approached nearer to the fortified post.

About 30 yards in front of it Captain Fernandez with a number of officers was standing, and he bid me welcome. While I was speaking with him a shot suddenly fell behind me. The Captain asked "Que passa?" I replied: "Nothing; the men are doubtless fighting, as they usually do when no one is looking after them."

A second shot was fired, which caused the officers to beat a hasty retreat and take shelter, behind a hill.

At this moment Commandant de Jolis opened fire. The legionaries had already reached a place of safety, but nearly all my other companions fell dead to the ground. I ran with Hadj Aumar to the shelter of a crumbling wall situated in front of the post. The Kaid ran back under heavy fire, jumped on his horse and galloped away, while I remained lying under the wall.

Then my plucky Beni Snasse Mochtar came galloping past me, and called out to me to jump up behind on his horse! which I did!

The Spaniards who took us for enemies once more opened fire on us; bullets kept whistling over my head. Despite the double burden, the horse sped like the wind, instinctively sensing danger. I sat on the horse's croup, leaning forward, and stared into Mochtar's enraged countenance.

We made a wide detour around the fortified post and had just crossed the frontier when a

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bullet passed through my cloak and penetrated the horse's backbone. The brave animal reared up and then sank down dead to the ground, burying us beneath him.

I freed myself, sprang up and eventually succeeded by means of shouts and signs in putting an end to this crazy shooting. I thanked the hero, Mochtar, who had so often succoured me in the field.

Then I proceeded to the Post, the misunderstanding was cleared up, and the men I had left behind were now able to cross the frontier.

The Commander excused the shooting by saying that I had been taken for a native in my Arab costume and that the shots fired had been interpreted as the signal for an invasion. It was the 22nd November, 1918. The Spaniards were now all very concerned about my wounded men. Sequi, the Commander, greeted me cordially. Our arms were surrendered, including my own carbines.

Cavalry had been fetched from the Spanish camp of Sidi Aissa, and under their escort we were taken to that place. There I paced up and down the camp full of anxiety about the fate of my natives. My loyal Abdennur came to me, and we talked in dejected tones about what was likely to happen. I tried to allay his fears by telling him that I always relied on the Spanish word of honour.

In the evening I dined with the Spanish Commander Sequi and Captain Fernandez. The Commander was a diplomat, hospitable

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and extremely cordial, as was also the Captain, who, however, described all Moroccans as "policticos." At that time the Spaniards held the natives in unjustifiable contempt.

CHAPTER XX

IN A SPANISH FORTRESS

THE next morning my men were taken to Melilla in motor lorries, whilst I was driven there with Commander Sequi in his own car. After a long period of uncomfortable transport, I was once more sitting in a comfortable conveyance, and felt a thrill of pleasure at the sight of the first European woman whom I met, although she was an ancient Spanish woman, bent almost double. But like a leaden weight, my thoughts kept always swinging back to the same point: "What will become of my men?"

The Spanish Commander, General Aispuru, was unfortunately not in Melilla, but in Tetuan. The officer who received me in Melilla was less cordial. Sheik Bu Chrif, who had accompanied us on our journey, attempted to console me regarding our situation in the waiting room, but I was quite at a loss how to answer him.

While we were still conversing, a representative of the Commander appeared and told me that no objection was offered to my request to be allowed to stay in a hotel. The Sheik was sent away. I was then informed that the conveyance was waiting to take me to the

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hotel. This attention flattered me, although I could not help thinking it somewhat suspicious.

As I stepped into the closed car two armed men—I believe they were youthful officers—entered the car from each side of me and intimated to me that I was being taken to the fortress. Nobody had been able to hoodwink me in the interior of Morocco, but here it was done. We Germans are and remain credulous idealists.

After a half hour's journey we arrived at the Cabrerizas-Atlas fortress. Commander Martin and his wife were extremely anxious to make my position as pleasant as possible. Two well-furnished rooms were allotted to me, and I was supplied with warm food, wine, and generally everything calculated to render my life cheerful and comfortable.

The fortress also housed the legionaries whom I had sent down to the coast, on account of various misdemeanours. Their noisy singing died away when they heard of my arrival. There was also interned in this fortress a young Spanish officer, whom the commission of some offence had consigned to this involuntary rest in the fortress—a companion in misfortune, therefore, but merry and carefree so long as he was with me.

The next morning all my brave horsemen were delivered up to the fortress. How delighted they were when they saw me! Outwardly I strove to keep a cheerful countenance and to reciprocate their good humour, although inwardly my heart bled when I looked at them.

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After some parley with the Commander, they too were allowed to move freely about the fortress. A canteen was set up, where they could buy sugar, bread, meat, tea and fruit.

I received frequent visits from Spanish officers. Some of them even gave me a kind of a banquet. I learnt from the natives that after my departure the tribes had plundered the Sherif, Abdel Malek, almost to the shirt on his back. I bear ill-will to no man, but must confess that I received this news with a certain satisfaction. Even to-day a feeling of resentment comes over me, when I reflect how I was tied to this traitor for all these years. He was subsequently slain in a fight with Beni Tusin.

Great excitement reigned on one of the days immediately following. Our horses were being led up and down in front of the fortress. The natives ran to the portholes and stared excitedly at their animals. They believed that being under the protection of Spain they would soon be allowed to mount their horses and ride back to their families or friends. Then Abden-nur, quite beside himself, came to tell me that a Spanish officer had betrayed to him that the men were going to be surrendered to France. I was horrified, but my presentiment turned out later to be only too true.

I told him that we must at once try to get into telephonic communication with the General in Melilla. We were enabled to do this with the assistance of the Commander. When I informed the General of this rumour, I was told

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at once that a surrender was entirely out of the question, and we could therefore be quite easy on this score. Even to this day I cast no doubt upon the honest belief of this officer. I called Abdennur to the telephone, which he used for the first time in his life. In a voice shaking with excitement, he inquired whether he could trust Spain. I stood by his side, and was delighted when I heard my old friend exclaim after receiving an answer: "God be thanked, we are saved. Bravo Spain!"

I also had now made up my mind that a surrender was out of the question. An almost indescribable jubilation prevailed among my men, in which I shared too. In order, however, to make assurance doubly sure, I wrote to the German Ambassador in Madrid, begging him to tell me quite frankly the truth upon this matter. The answer ran: "Dear Mr. Bartels! You may be quite at ease about your men. We have accurate information. The men will never be surrendered."

When I took this letter to my men, renewed jubilation broke out. They cried: "We would rather stay twenty years in a Spanish fortress than be surrendered to France. God bless the Spaniards!" The horrid spectre of surrender seemed to be banished.

I certainly did not suspect that the Embassy had been wrongly informed. Otherwise, I would have left no stone unturned to secure liberty for my men, which at that time I might have managed to do. I made no complaint against the Embassy, as after the revolution

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every German representative abroad was impotent.

I had discussed with Abdennur the possibility of blowing up the fortress, in the event of being surrendered, for, as I had said to him: "If you intend to die, I will die with you." Considerable ammunition was stored in the fortress, so that it might have proved quite practicable to put our plan into force. The world would then have seen how heroes could die.

But it turned out otherwise. One day about a hundred prisoners were brought to the fortress, who required to be closely supervised. The whole night through we heard the cries of the sentries. No man was allowed to leave his room from sunset to morning. But we were quite indifferent to this; we were bright and happy, as our liberation, so it then seemed, was only a question of time.

On the 1st January, 1919, a conveyance drove up, the object of which was to take me away, together with six legionaries. I forbear describing the pain I felt when the hour of separation from my men struck. My servant threw himself at my feet, embraced my knees and begged me to take him with me. My friend Abdennur stood in front of me with tears in his eyes, seized my hands and would not let them go, the other men stood about me like children, stretched out their arms to me, and implored me not to leave them.

I could scarcely utter a word of farewell, and could only promise that I would continue

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to do all in my power for them. I did not suspect that I should be regarded as a rebel without rights. Another gesture, a last greeting to my brave men—and the conveyance drove away.

The darkness and the high walls of the fortress now concealed everything in the shape of bravery and self-sacrificing loyalty which bound me with these comrades of my struggles.

In Melilla harbour I was put on board a ship. The Commander Sequi personally took leave of me, and then we voyaged to Malaga under the supervision of an officer and four gendarmes. It was a melancholy parting from Morocco, the country whose soil I had once trodden with so many hopes.

The Spanish officer tried to dispel my doleful thoughts. The legionaries were accommodated below, and not permitted to come up to me on deck.

At eight o'clock the next morning we arrived at Malaga.

CHAPTER XXIII

IN SPAIN AND BACK HOME

ONCE more we passed through the streets of a town as prisoners. Gendarmes by our side and the Spanish officer and I at the head of our small procession, we made our way to the government building, the Gobierno. On receiving news of our arrival, the German Consul came and without any difficulty obtained our liberation and permission to take quarters in a hotel. This was Spanish chivalry. Involuntarily I recalled the insults and ill-treatment meted out to us as we marched through the streets of Oran.

After eight days I received instructions from the Spanish Government to proceed to Alcala de Henares, passing through Madrid, where I was permitted to greet my brother and his wife. Here I was at first taken to the Duce de Tetuan, who said to me : " I have heard that you played the French some dirty tricks. Is that so ? " I replied with laughing modesty : " I was as harmless as a lamb." Whereupon he replied : " It was war. I know that Si Hermann fought for his fatherland. If you will promise to consult me first before you go

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to Africa again, you may go where you please in Alcala."

I thanked him warmly and went to the Commander of the German internment camp, who ordered me to answer the roll call each morning. As an old Berber captain, I never dreamt that I should have to do this, but I said nothing, as I was greatly amused. Here German order reigned. After a few days the error was discovered, and the camp commandant personally apologised for the slight.

A blow then fell on me, from the effects of which I shall suffer all my life. It was the news that, in consequence of pressure exerted by the French Government, the Spanish Minister Romanones had surrendered to France 66 of my horsemen who had been interned in the Cabrerizas-Atlas fortress, and this in defiance of all written and verbal assurances!

I had already addressed a letter to the Spanish Ministry, in which I placed myself at the disposal of the French and undertook to remain thirty years in a fortress or to be shot, if in return innocent men might be allowed to go free.

Commander Sequi, who had then sanctioned the crossing of my men into Spanish territory, went to Paris himself, in order to make representations to the French War Ministry upon this matter. He might have spared himself this trouble, as it was useless from the outset to expect any concessions from French chivalry.

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As to the fate of my brave men, I learnt that after inhuman torments they were dragged through the country in chains, and that some of them were shot. The French General Lyautey, who had shot a young postal official and several other Germans at the outbreak of war, merely because they were Germans, practised this cruelty afresh on defenceless victims. I arraign him before the whole world : " Marshall Lyautey. All that happens on earth is revenged. Your deeds, too, will be expiated. Time will show ! "

When I received this terrible news I nearly committed suicide, and would have really done so, if the recollections which I wanted to leave behind, had been ready.

Nor did the news of the surrender and fate of my men remain without effect in the interior of Morocco. Thus the Sheik Bu Rhai, who acting on my advice had gone over to the Spaniards, abandoned them on receipt of this news and again fought against them. He also shot his son-in-law, Bel Sirrga, who at last met his richly-deserved fate.

One day when I had gone to Madrid on a visit to my brother, I was recalled to Alcala by telegram, because the rumour was circulating that I was again in Africa, and that great Kabyle meetings had been held there on my account.

I was now enjoying considerable freedom. A Spanish family allotted to me a delightful bungalow situated in a large garden as a residence, in which we German internees, amongst

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whom were several U-boat commanders, frequently forgathered. Unfortunately, the latter soon had to leave us, as they received orders to proceed to Cartagena and Ferrol, where they were required to repair the U-boats supposed to be delivered up to the Spanish Government.

When the boats were ready, it transpired that in two days time they were to be taken to Brest by French tugs. The notion of surrendering these boats to Spain had therefore only been made a pretext to induce our officers to undertake the work of reparation. In reality they had been working for France, which was by no means to their taste.

Consequently, they suggested that they be allowed to make a trial trip, and this was sanctioned. In the presence of many Englishmen and Frenchmen and a large crowd of spectators, they steamed out into the open sea. And then something unexpected happened :

The hatchways were opened ; lifebuoys were put on, and the boats sank into Neptune's realm. Great was the fury of the French. The Englishmen laughed, and the disappointed faces of the spectators were a treat to behold.

The U-boat commanders were eventually despatched to Germany ; only Captain Kiese-wetter was taken off a Spanish steamer at Dover and cast into the Tower. The Spanish officers, however, protested, the protest was forwarded to London, and the Englishmen sent the U-boat commander to Germany. Viva Espana !

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Two incidents occurred to darken even more the gloom that was cast over my spirits.

I was one day attacked in broad daylight by four foreign legionaries who had broken out of the internment camp in Granada. I managed to defend myself, only to find that during my absence they had ransacked my house and stolen many articles of sentimental value.

The second event was the sudden death of a young Spanish countess, in whose family I had passed many hours of relaxation and recuperation, and who had understood how to dispel my carking cares by her winsome ways.

I was shaken out of my depression by the efforts of my valued friend, the art historian, Dr. Kühnel. He was the only friend who could really understand my state of mind. I know he is critical and will say: "How easy to write down all these experiences," but he will also admit that these reminiscences indicate only a fractional part of all the difficulties, the endless cares, the intrigues and the smarts of my existence.

In his company I journeyed through Spain to Toledo, Granada, and Cordoba. He explained to me all the memorials of Moorish and Spanish art, upon which he has written so brilliantly in his famous books.

My road also took me to Algeciras. I sat on the quayside and gazed at Gibraltar and the coast of Morocco stretched out before me. A boat came in, and Berbers disembarked, who recognised me and conversed with me. It

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would have been an easy matter to sail to Africa with these men, and it was only because I had given my promise to Spain that I refrained from doing so. Had I only done so, perhaps I would have been happier. Perhaps I might also have been able to influence the very serious situation which subsequently developed, in return for Spanish hospitality.

In January, 1920, I heard that France was insisting upon my surrender. I did not credit this rumour, for which I must hold responsible the gentlemen who brought me this news.

In May, as I was able to start with Dr. Foensgen for the mountains, I was summoned to the German Embassy, where Herr von Hoesch showed me a cutting from a French newspaper relating to me, and begged me to leave the country and return to Germany, in the interest of the German and Spanish Governments.

With this desire I was obliged to comply, much as I lamented the fact that it shattered for ever the plans I was continually meditating for rehabilitation in Morocco.

I proceeded to Germany via Barcelona and Italy, and arrived in Hamburg in July, 1920.

Thus I was once more in my old native city. It was the first time I had trodden its pavements for many years. What tricks fate had played with my life all these years! And the end was the collapse of everything of which I had dreamed and for which I had longed when I

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first set out for Morocco ; my work in Morocco a heap of ruins, my family happiness shattered, the fatherland prostrate, and my heart lacerated.

In this state of outward need and inward despair, I have to regard it as a special dispensation of heaven that a lucky star led me, the homeless fugitive, to the family of the Hamburg merchant, Wallstab, where I found German faith, German loyalty and German strength.

And so I gradually recovered in soul and body. So I learned once more to have hope in our country's future, and to believe that she would eventually emerge from her present slough of despair.

Involuntarily my thoughts turn towards Africa, and I would fain hope that the experiences I have set down in this book might serve as an inspiration to German youth.

Once I shot an eagle through the wings. No hope whatever was entertained of his recovery, but I took him and tended him. And although the Arabs pointed to him and said : " The German eagle won't fly again," I persisted in my treatment, and cherished the hope that he would pick up sufficient strength to fly again.

And when we went to him one morning, as was our custom, he suddenly stretched out his wings, and with a few powerful beats rose straight into the air.

Everybody stood gazing at him with admiration, and one of the Arabs who was standing

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by cried in a loud voice : " Look, the German eagle is flying again."

So may the German eagle, who now lies prone with paralysed wing, again find strength to soar into the empyrean.

THE END

